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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Doings in London; or Day and Night Scenes of the Frauds, Frolics, Manners, and Depravities of the Metropolis. By George Smeeton. 8vo. pp. 423. London, 1828. Smeeton.

We have now had several books of this kind, and we are very sceptical about their leading to the diminution of crime. In one of his own illustrative quotations, Mr. Smeeton says, "your ignorance is bliss, and proves the words of *Pope*" [Pope or Gray, 'tis all de same, for the beauty and correctness of the poetical quotation,]

"If ignorance is bliss,
It's folly to be wise."

Now if this be true, any detailed account of the "depravities of London" must be injurious; and we are inclined to think that it is so. Youthful curiosity is more likely to be piqued by some of the scenes, than vice deterred by disgust or dread from seeking the most dangerous of them. But we would not care so much for books of this class, though recommended by wood-cuts *ad captandum* and low prices, were it not that they serve to fill up the measure of a very bad and corruptive course of popular reading. The far greater mischief is wrought by the newspaper press. Not to mention the *Sunday* journals, which *par excellence* too generally live upon slander and obscenity,—let any one look at the common construction of the best daily papers, and say if they furnish that species of intelligence and information which is fittest for a well-regulated community. On the contrary, the disproportionate space in their columns allotted to prurient law cases and to low police reports is enough, by reiteration, to corrupt the feelings and morals of any People. It is true that the foreign news is very scanty, derived from sources of no authority, conflicting and partial, and almost repetitions of the same things for months together; but surely, after this sort of matter is disposed of, it would be possible to fill even a daily journal with superior matter to that with which these influential engines are now stuffed. Silly paragraphs, taken without discrimination or correction from country newspapers, are the most venial of their offences. It is the avidity with which infamous transactions are reported that disgraces them, and renders their tendency pernicious on society. In short, it is a serious consideration to admit any Newspaper into a family circle, unless your mind be made up to the point, that details of every vulgar and worthless piece of riot and ribaldry, minute descriptions of what passes in brothels, and circumstantial accounts of the most unnatural and abhorrent crimes, are fit for the perusal of the young and the female portions of your home. Were these subjects, or any of them, only incidental, were they touched upon once or twice, the sense and feeling of the public would revolt from the insult to decency and propriety: but custom doth breed habit; and we are becoming so accustomed to them, that, though ever and anon there is an exclamation against some particular offensive statement, we pass over the constant repetition of a system of filth which must eradicate every idea of innocency from the face of the country, and plant in its stead an acquaintance with all that is vile and detestable in human nature. Day after day is the deluge poured forth, and the perpetual wearing of the stream must produce effects to be deprecated, not only from the actual guilt of which they are the origin, but from their wide-spreading debasement of character where purity is most to be coveted. It is a growing and a fearful evil; and, if it does not speedily correct itself, it will, in our opinion, bring ruin upon the existing periodical press.

As these remarks are more of digression than review, it may be gathered that we are not inclined to go into the particulars of Mr. Smeeton's work. It tells of many things we could wish never to have seen in print; but, we must add, that if warnings to avoid what is wrong are likely to prevent persons from committing wrong, these warnings are not wanting in the present volume. We will endeavour to extract a passage as a specimen, which may amuse our readers without producing any more unfavourable impression.

"Now, pray, let us trace our steps towards St. Giles's, which being agreed to, they set out on their voyage of discovery to that most delectable region, well known as the Holy Land. 'In order,' said Mentor, 'that we may obtain an admission to the meeting of beggars, or cadgers, as they are called, we must disguise ourselves, and be dressed in rags; and I will speak to the landlord of the Beggar's Opera, in Church Lane, and, I have no doubt, he will gain us an interview.' Upon application to the worthy host, he furnished Mentor and Peregrine with such clothes as he was sure would completely prevent them from being discovered, and introduced them the same evening: they paid their *footing*, which was a gallon of beer each, and were then desired to take a seat, if they could find one, and join heartily in the *Merry Doings of the Jovial Beggars*. 'That little fellow on the right,' said Mentor, 'sitting on his go-cart, is the celebrated *Andrew Whitson*, the king of the beggars, and one of the most dissipated of his class. He is only two feet eight inches in height, thirty-three inches round the body, twenty-two inches round the head, and fourteen inches from the chin to the crown. From the heel to the knee-joint he measures sixteen inches, ten from the knee-joint to the hip-bone, and six inches and a quarter round the waist: he is double-jointed throughout, and possesses considerable strength, particularly in the hand: he always sleeps on the floor, and has done so ever since he was eight years old; and, perhaps, in the course of his life never stood upright. His legs are curved, and have the appearance of thin planks, having no calves; the shin-bones were greatly protruded, but he usually covered them with a clean apron. He has made much use of his time during his intercourse with society, and his mind is stored with information, scarcely inferior to others of his age in similar walks of life. He is now (1826), with the exception of Hossey, whom you see sitting on the table, with a pipe in his mouth, and a glass in his hand, and who lost his legs by the fall of some timber, in December 1784, the only sledge-beggar in London. Go-cart, Billies-in-bowls, or sledge-beggars, are denominations for those cripples whose misfortunes will not permit them to travel in any other way. The following are the most celebrated of this class:—*Philip in the Tub:* a fellow who constantly attended weddings in London, and recited the ballad of 'Jesse, or the Happy Pair.' Hogarth has introduced him in his wedding of the Industrious Apprentice. *Billy in the Bowl* was famous in Dublin: he left Ireland on the union, and was met in London by a noble lord, who observed, 'So, *you* are here, too?' 'Yes, my lord,' replied Billy, 'the union has brought *us all* over.' *John Mac Nally*, who, after scuttling about the streets for some time, discovered the power of novelty, and trained two dogs, Boxer and Rover, to draw him in a sledge with wheels, by which means he increased his income beyond all belief. The celebrated *Jew Beggar*, of Petticoat Lane, who was to be seen there and in the neighbourhood in a go-cart. His venerable appearance gained him a very comfortable living. That beggar you see fiddling is the equally notorious *Billy Waters*, the king of the beggars elect: he is a most facetious fellow, full of fun and whim, and levies great contributions on the credulity of John Bull, from the singularity of his appearance. The woman dancing is known as the *barker:* she gets her living by pretending to be in fits, and barking like a dog: she is well known about Holborn. When she is tired of the *fit* trade, she regularly goes over London, early in the morning, to strike out the teeth of dead dogs that have been stolen and killed for the sake of their skins. These teeth she sells to book-binders, carvers, and gilders, as burnishing-tools. At other times she frequents Thames Street, and the adjoining lanes, inhabited by orange merchants, and picks up, from the kennels, the refuse of lemons and rotten oranges: these she sells to the Jew distillers, who extract from them a portion of liquor, and can thus afford the means of selling, at considerably reduced prices, lemon-drops and orange-juice to the lower order of confectioners. She likewise begs vials, pretending to have an order for medicines at the hospital or dispensary, for her dear husband, or only child, but cannot get the physic without a bottle; and, when she can, she begs some white linen rags to dress the wounds with; these she soon turns into money, at the old iron shops—the 'dealers in marine stores.' Very frequently she assumes an appearance of pregnancy, in order to obtain child-bed linen, which she has done nine or ten times over. Her partner is Granne Manoo, in a different dress to that in which he appears in public: he is scarcely out of gaol three months in the year. He

scratches his legs about the ancles to make them bleed, and he never goes out with shoes on his feet. He goes literally so naked, that it is almost disgusting to see him; and thus he collects a greater quantity of habiliments and shoes than any other man: these shoes he sells to the people who live in cellars in Monmouth Street, Chick Lane, Rosemary Lane, &c. These persons give them new soles, or otherwise repair them, and are called translators. That man at the back part of the room has been in the medical line; he is an Irishman; he writes a beautiful hand, and gets a good livelihood by writing petitions and begging-letters, for which he obtains sixpence or a shilling each, according to their length. 'I was told,' continued Mentor, 'by the late Major Hanger, that he accompanied our present king, when Prince of Wales, to one of these beggars' carnivals, as they were then called; and, after being there some time, the chairman, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, addressing the company, and pointing to the prince, said, 'I call upon that ere gentleman *with a shirt on* for a song.' The prince, as well as he could, got excused, upon Major Hanger promising to sing for him, and he chanted the following ballad, called the 'Beggar's Wedding, or the Jovial Crew,' with great applause:

'Then Tom o' Bedlam winds his horn at best,
Their trumpet 'twas to bring away their feast;
Pick't many bones they had found in the street,
Carrots kick'd out of kennels with their feet;
Crusts gather'd up for bisket,* twice so dried,
Alms—tubs, and olla podridas beside.
Many such dishes more; but I would cumber
Any to name them, more than I can number.
Then comes the banquet, which must never fail,
That the town gave, of Whitbread and strong ale.
All was so tipsie, that they could not go,
And yet would dance, and cry'd for music hoe.
With tongues and gridiron, they were play'd unto,
And blind men sung, as they are us'd to do.
Some whistled, and some hollow sticks did sound,
And so melodiously they play around:
Lame men, lame women, manfully cry advance,
And so, all limping, jovially did dance.''

The landlord now whispered to Mentor, that it was prudent to leave the company, as they were about fixing their different routes for the ensuing day's business; accordingly, Mentor and Peregrine, drinking to the company, and wishing them 'luck till they were tired of it,' departed, both of them highly delighted with their entertainment; and, going to a private room, shook off their ragged *toggery*, having previously ordered a supper to be ready for them, which was served up, although in such a house, in a manner that would not have disgraced some of the first coffee-houses: it was agreed that 'mine host' was to do them the pleasure of his company, and crack a bottle with them, while he detailed the *doings* of the London beggars; of whose exploits and extraordinary mode of gaining a livelihood few people have any idea. 'I have made,' said the landlord, 'the history of London beggars my particular study; and, from the situation I hold, I am enabled to glean many facts which other people would feel it impossible to do; exclusive of my being possessed of, I believe, every work extant, relative to mendicity. The beggar's calling, if not one of the most respectable, may, doubtless, be regarded as one of the most ancient. In every part of the globe where man is congregated, the inequality of his condition, the too frequent indolence of his habits, or the shifts to which human misery is occasionally reduced, will compel him to depend for his support on the generosity of his fellow-creatures, and even sometimes lead him to this disgraceful mode of existence. I think,' continued the landlord, 'there are seven thousand beggars upon the town daily, and that they each beg two shillings a day, take one with the other,—that is, 700*l.* a day. There are between two hundred and three hundred beggars frequent my house in the course of the day. I am particular as to whom I have to sleep here. In some houses, a fellow stands at the door, and takes the money; for threepence they have straw; for fourpence they have clean straw; and for sixpence, a mattress to sleep on. The servants go and examine all the places, to see that all is free from felony; and then they are let out into the streets, just as you would open the door of a gaol; and at night they come in again. They have a general meeting in the course of the year, and each day they are divided into companies, and each company has its particular walk; the whole company taking the most beneficial walks in turn, keeping it half an hour to three or four hours, as agreed on: their earnings vary much, some as much as five shillings a day. We estimate every one expends about two shillings a day, and sixpence for a bed. They start off in parties of four and six together. There are many lodging-houses besides public-houses. * *

"However wretched and depraved the beggars and inhabitants of these lodging-houses may be, they certainly were worse twenty years ago; for then there was no honour among thieves, the sheets belonging to the lodging-houses having the names of the owners painted on them in large characters of red lead, in order to prevent their being bought, if stolen, thus: MARY JORDAN, DIOT STREET—STOP THIEF. At this time the pokers, shovels, tongs, gridirons, and purl-pots of the public-houses, particularly the Maidenhead, in Diot Street (since pulled down), were all chained to the fire-place. The last cook-shop where the knives and forks were chained to the table, was on the south side of High Street: it was kept about fifty years ago by a man of the name of Fossell. Most certainly the major part of the London beggars are impostors. Very few of the beggars who pretend to be lame, are so. Many beggars get from ten shillings to twenty shillings a-day; and I have a fellow here who spends fifty shillings a-week for his board: he is blind, and has been known to get thirty shillings a-day. There is a portrait of James Turner, a beggar, who valued his time at one shilling per hour. We had an old woman who kept a night-school for the purpose of teaching the children the art and mystery of scolding and begging: the academy was principally for females."

* "It is seldom the beggars eat the food given to them; and it is a well-known fact that they sell their broken bread to biscuit-bakers, who grind it for the purpose of making tops and bottoms!"

Lyric Offerings. By S. Laman Blanchard. 12mo. pp. 96. London, 1828. Ainsworth.

"Oh! how this dawn of poetry resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!"

These lines are perhaps the truest criticism we can apply to this little volume: we know few whose fate it would be more difficult to foresee; for it is full of poetry and full of faults. We should think the author was a very young man; if so, he has all the *matériel* for a great poet: *Lyric Offerings* are the work of genius in its earliest stage, when the mind, fevered "with unreal beauty," turns its very feelings into fancies—springs impatiently from earth, forgetting that it is a fabled bird, which is said to exist only in the air; and often becomes affected, to avoid being common-place. A few quotations will best exemplify our meaning, and shew that if Mr. Blanchard has much that offends the judgment, he has many parts whose best praise is to be found in their own beauties.

"She stood beside the ruin of a wall
Painted and carved; where unplucked flowers and moss
O'ergrew the beauty of the ruling Cross:
And sainted foreheads, which in other time
Had bowed their earth in heaven's cloud-columned hall,
Were greenly wreathed in mockery of age.
And here a bank its purple shadow kept
Above a lake, where Hope perchance had wept,
Ere yet a tear was made the mirror of a crime,
And here a monument whose ice-like page
Dropt as the day perused it—though a bard
Had found therein the coldness of reward:
Dark trees were dying round it. Farther on,
A gray and falling bridge sent gentle strife
Through waters, which, unstained with human life,
Made music mid the roots that twined the stone.
And far beyond a plain, where living forms
Flashed in the lustre of warm summer hours,
And a thick world of forest, whose deep tune
And shadows stretched where no sear leaves were strewn,
Stood hills, the *hiding-place of sunny storms*
That laughed amid the light in sudden showers.

* * * *

And that brief moment of the heart's unveiling
Is worth its long years of succeeding light;
For every coming hour must find it failing
With hopes that may return not—onward sailing,
Until its voyage shall be wrecked in night,
And all things darken in the sinking sight.
Not thus with these—the poet who had seen
Earth's splendour fade before him: and the bride
Whom his strict breast now sheltered in its pride—
In whom no thought recoiled on what had been,
But clasped the heart whereof she felt the queen,
And feared no darkness as the daylight died.
Each was the other's life: their passion seemed
All that hath e'er been found, or feigned, or dreamed;
The atmosphere and earth, the sky, the shade—
All which was theirs to see, and all that cannot fade.

Their melancholy was but deeper joy,
Too deep for smiles—for he was marked with grief;
And she, though sunnier thoughts the spell destroy,
Was fashioned in the sweetest starriest time
E'er whispered of in poet's midnight rhyme;
And her pale gloom had ever felt relief
In token of a morrow. Now they were
Throned on the bosom of their love, uniting
In one small circle all that least can err,
Sting, and deceive, with all that most can bless,
Support, and shield in virtue's pathlessness.
They winged them o'er the fields of air, alighting
In some lone spot to talk on fairy themes;
Or twined within the hollow of a shell,
Whose sea-voice sang to them, steered their true dreams
Where never mortal eye hath seen how well
The beautiful unenvied things of ocean dwell.
They met the winds together."

And then the following slight but exquisite touches:—

"O'er the sands she stray'd,
Mute as a wish within a human breast.

Her eyes had many shadows, as each dye,
Each tinge of thought, dissolved into its sky.

Her veins seemed heaven's blue,
And their bright blood the sunshine that runs through.

She lived as lives the moon for her dark lord,
Or rainbow, scabbard of the tempest's sword.

A track where the moon glides, with stars strewn o'er
Like jewels in the night-sea."

Or the little boat that glides on in "the morning of the moon." Or where the Poet's Bride,

"On the scroll
Of the vast shore, his haunting image traced,
And wept to see the waters razing it."

If images and expressions like these are not fresh from the fairy land of poetry, we know not what constitutes that language whose words are pictures. And now that we proceed to the less pleasant task of censuring, it is with the firm belief that such faults as we observe, belong to one whose blemishes are worth amending. In how bad a taste are such expressions as, "his fleet heart's horses;" or again, "his heart's honeysuckles;" or where their thoughts walk "their serene dominion as a meadow;" or where there is a "warmth to keep his flowers awake," &c. &c. The ode to the Spirit of Poetry is full of similar blots and

beauties. We like the following little poem much.

"*Stanzas for Evening.*

There is an hour when leaves are still, and winds sleep on the wave; [grave;
When far beneath the closing clouds the day hath found a
And stars that at the note of dawn begin their circling flight, [night.
Return, like sun-tired birds, to seek the sable boughs of
The curtains of the mind are closed, and slumber is most sweet,
And visions to the hearts of men direct their fairy feet:
The wearied wing hath gained a tree, pain sighs itself to rest, [breast.
And beauty's bridegroom lies upon the pillow of her
There is a feeling in that hour which tumult ne'er hath known,
Which nature seems to dedicate to silent things alone;
The spirit of the lonely wakes, as rising from the dead,
And finds its shroud adorned with flowers, its night-lamp newly fed.

The mournful moon her rainbows hath, and mid the blight of all [pall;
That garlands life, some blossoms live, like lilies on a
Thus while to lone affliction's couch some stranger-joy may come, [hum.
The bee that hoardeth sweets all day hath sadness in its
Yet some there are whose fire of years leaves no remembered spark, [dark.
Whose summer-time itself is bleak, whose very daybreak
The stem, though naked, still may live, the leaf though perished cling;
But if at first the root be cleft, it lies a branchless thing.
And oh! to such, long, hallow'd nights their patient music send; [they bend;
The hours like drooping angels walk, more graceful as
And stars emit a hope-like ray, that melts as it comes nigh, [die."
And nothing in that calm hath life that doth not wish to

It is evident that Shelley has been the favourite inspiration of these pages; and we scarcely object to this—the very enthusiasm of admiration is the mark of a poet; but faults are catching, and few faults would be greater stumbling-blocks than his in the way of popularity. Poets should always bear in mind that they do not write for poets only. We now close Mr. Blanchard's volume, convinced that his future reputation rests with himself: he has only to concentrate the essence of poetry, which he most undeniably possesses, and to take care, while looking for felicitous expressions, not to adopt those which are not allowable by any stretch of allusion or meaning; which render similes and metaphors, otherwise excellent, perfectly burlesque; and which provoke the carpings of little critics, who are insensible to the higher qualities which they certainly spot, but neither mar nor conceal. He will thus make the Spirit of Poetry what he exquisitely defines it to be in this couplet—

"What is it but the air of Heaven
Along an earthly lyre!"

A Guide to Mount's Bay and Land's End, &c. A new edition. By a Physician. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1828. Underwoods.

THE republication of a volume which appeared some years ago, when there were no Literary Gazettes to make the merits of authors known, and which consequently did not attract a tithe of that attention so justly due to it: for under the unassuming title of a local Guide, it is indeed a work of various and excellent qualities, alike entertaining and instructive. We have no hesitation in pitching upon Dr. Paris as the Physician to whom the public is indebted for it. Like several of his other writings, it makes philosophy a sport, and science a pleasure, by mingling anecdote, amusing recollections, and lighter matter, with notices of the extraordinary geology, mineralogy, botany, antiquities, &c. which distinguish this very peculiar part of the British coast. Six short excursions from Penzance furnish his observant mind with materials of greater interest than many men could elicit by travelling from one end of Europe to the other; and his book, instead of being a dry Itinerary, is a rich mine of information, like one of those of tin or copper in the district of which it treats. We shall therefore, without further preface, transfer some of its stores to our page.

"The sea is encroaching upon every part of the Cornish coast. In the memory of many persons still living, the cricketers were unable to throw a ball across the Western Green, between Penzance and Newlyn, which is now not many feet in breadth; and the grandfather of the present vicar of Madron is known to have received tithes from the land under the cliff of Penzance. On the northern coast we have striking instances of the sea having made similar inroads. This, however, is the natural result of the slow and silent depredation of the water upon the land: but at a very remote period we are assured by tradition that a considerable part of the present bay, especially that comprehended within a line drawn from near Cuddan point on the east side, to Mousehole on the west, was land covered with wood, but which, by an awful convulsion and irruption of the sea, was suddenly swept away. 'If we trace the north-west shore of the bay, from the Mount westward to Newlyn, the ebb-tide leaves a large space uncovered; the sea-sand is from one to two or three feet deep, and under this stratum of sand is found a black vegetable mould, full of woodland detritus, such as the branches, leaves, and nuts of coppice wood, together with the roots and trunks of forest trees of large growth. All these are manifestly indigenous; and, from the freshness and preservation of some of the remains, the inundation of sand, as well as water, must have been sudden and simultaneous; and the circumstance of ripe nuts and leaves remaining together would seem to shew that the irruption happened in the autumn or in the beginning of winter. This vegetable substratum has been traced seaward as far as the ebb would permit, and has been found continuous and of like nature. Another proof of these shores having been suddenly visited by a tremendous catastrophe, has been afforded by the nature of the sand banks constituting the Eastern and Western Greens, and which will be found to be the detritus of disintegrated granite; whereas the natural sand, which forms the bed of the sea, is altogether unlike it, being much more comminuted, different in colour, and evidently the result of pulverised clay-slate.' But when did this mighty catastrophe occur, and what were its causes? These are questions which are not readily answered: the event is so buried in the depths of antiquity, that nothing certain or satisfactory can be collected concerning it; although it would appear, from the concurrent testimony of Florence of Worcester and the Saxon Chronicles, that a remarkable invasion of the ocean occurred in November 1099. With respect to the causes of the phenomenon we are equally uninformed: let the geologist examine the appearance of the coast with attention, and then decide with what probability De Luc attributed the catastrophe to a subsidence of the land. It must not, however, be concealed that many geologists have questioned the probability of the occurrence altogether; and argue from the appearance of the coast, 'whose rocks beat back the envious siege of watery Neptune,' that no very important change in the hydrographical outline of the Cornish peninsula can have taken place during the present constitution of the earth's surface. If St. Michael's Mount be in reality the *Ietis* of Diodorus Siculus, we have certainly a decisive proof that no material change has taken place for the space of eighteen centuries at least; for the historian describes the access to this island precisely such as it is at the present period—practicable only at low water for wheel carriages."

The action of the sea and other natural causes produce many remarkable effects on this coast. For example, at Kynance Cove, "One of the rocks in this cove exhibits a very curious phenomenon, whimsically called the Devil's Bellows. There is a very deep chasm, through which the sea rushes like a water-spout, preceded by a sub-marine rumbling, as loud as thunder: a flowing tide, accompanied with a swell of the waves, seems to be essential for the production of this effect. De Luc offers the following explanation of the phenomenon. 'In the rock there is a succession of caverns, into which the agitated sea rushes by some sub-marine passage, and being dashed and broken against their sides, a large quantity of air* is thus disengaged from them, which, becoming highly compressed, and not being able to escape beneath, in consequence of the perpetual entrance of the waves, is forced to pass with great violence and noise from cavern to cavern, until it forces itself, together with a column of water, through the opening above.'"

"We now proceed to Sennan Church-town,† which, according to barometrical admeasurement, is 391 feet above the level of the sea. It is about a mile from the Land's End, and is celebrated for containing the ale-house whimsically called 'The First and Last Inn in England.' On the western side of its sign is inscribed 'The First,' and on the eastern side, 'The Last Inn in England.' * * Having arrived at the celebrated promontory, we descend a rapid slope, which brings us to a bold group of rocks, composing the western extremity of our island. Some years ago a military officer who visited this spot, was rash enough to descend on horseback; the horse soon became unruly, plunged, reared, and, fearful to relate, fell backwards over the precipice, and, rolling from rock to rock, was dashed to atoms before it reached the sea. The rider was for some time unable to disengage himself; but at length, by a desperate effort, he threw himself off, and was happily caught by some fragments of rock, at the very brink of the precipice, where he remained suspended in a state of insensibility until assistance could be afforded him! The awful spot is marked by the figure of a horse-shoe, traced on the turf with a deep incision, which is cleared out from time to time, in order to preserve it as a monument of rashness, which could be alone equalled by the good fortune with which it was attended. Why any promontory in an island should be exclusively denominated the Land's *End*, it is difficult to understand; yet, so powerful is the charm of a name, that many persons have visited it on no other account. The intelligent tourist, however, will receive a much more substantial gratification from his visit; the great geological interest of the spot will afford him an ample source of entertainment and instruction, while the magnificence of its convulsed scenery, the ceaseless roar and deep intonation of the ocean, and the wild shrieks of the cormorant,—all combine to awaken the

* "The quantity of air thus separated from water is so great, that in the Alps and in the Pyrenees very powerful bellows are made for forges by the fall of a column of water, through a wooden pipe, into a closed cask, in which it dashes on a stone in the bottom, when the air thus disengaged from it is carried by another pipe, placed in the cover of the cask, into the foundery."

† "*Church-town.* This expression is peculiar to Cornwall. The fact is, that since many market, and even borough towns are without a church, the Cornish dignify those that have it with the title of church-town."

blended sensations of awe and admiration. The cliff which bounds this extremity is rather abrupt than elevated, not being more than sixty feet above the level of the sea. It is composed entirely of granite, the forms of which present a very extraordinary appearance, assuming in some places the resemblance of shafts that had been regularly cut with the chisel; in others, regular equidistant fissures divide the rock into horizontal masses, and give it the character of basaltic columns; in other places, again, the impetuous waves of the ocean have opened, for their retreat, gigantic arches, through which the angry billows roll and bellow with tremendous fury. Several of these rocks, from their grotesque forms, have acquired whimsical appellations, as that of the Armed Knight, the Irish Lady, &c. An inclining rock on the side of a craggy headland, south of the Land's End, has obtained the name of Dr. Johnson's Head; and visiters, after having heard the appellation, seldom fail to acknowledge that it bears some resemblance to the physiognomy of that extraordinary man. On the north, this rocky scene is terminated by a promontory 229 feet above the level of the sea, called Cape Cornwall, between which and the Land's End the coast retires, and forms Whitsand Bay; a name which it derives from the peculiar whiteness of its sand, and amongst which the naturalist will find several rare microscopic shells. There are, besides, some historical recollections which invest this spot with interest. It was in this bay that Stephen landed on his first arrival in England, as did King John on his return from Ireland; and Perkin Warbeck, in the prosecution of those claims to the crown to which some late writers have been disposed to consider that he was entitled, as the real son of Edward the Fourth. * * The natural product of the high lands is only a thin turf, interspersed with heath, fern, and furze. This product is carefully collected, and preserved in stacks by the inhabitants, for the purpose of fuel. It is worthy of remark, that the nature of the fuel employed in a country always imparts a character to its cookery; hence the striking difference between that of Paris and London: so in Cornwall, the convenience afforded by the furze in the process of baking, has given origin to the general use of pies. Every article of food is dressed in a pie; whence it has become a proverb, that 'the devil will not come into Cornwall for fear of being put into a pie.' In a season of scarcity, the attorneys of the county having at the quarter sessions very properly resolved to abstain from every kind of pastry, an allusion to the above proverb was very happily introduced into an epigram extemporaneously delivered on the occasion, and which, from its point and humour, deserves to be recorded:

'If the proverb be true, that the fame of our pies
Prevents us from falling to Satan a prey,
It is clear that his friends—the attorneys—are wise
In moving such obstacles out of the way.'"

Among the curious customs remaining in this remote and ancient quarter, the author mentions the following at Penzance.

"The most singular one is, perhaps, the celebration of the Eve of Saint John the Baptist,* our town saint, which falls on Midsummer Eve; and that of the Eve of Saint Peter, the patron of fishermen. No sooner does the tardy sun sink into the western ocean, than the young and old of both sexes, animated by the genius of the night, assemble in the town and different villages of the bay with lighted torches. Tar-barrels having been erected on tall poles in the market-place, on the pier, and in other conspicuous spots, are soon urged into a state of vivid combustion, shedding an appalling glare on every surrounding object, and which, when multiplied by numerous reflections in the waves, produce at a distant view a spectacle so singular and novel as to defy the powers of description; while the stranger who issues forth to gain a closer view of the festivities of the town, may well imagine himself suddenly transported to the regions of the furies and infernal gods; or else that he is witnessing, in the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa, the awful celebration of the fifth day of the Eleusinian feast;* while the shrieks of the female spectators, and the triumphant yells of the torch-bearers, with their hair streaming in the wind, and their flambeaus whirling with inconceivable velocity, are realities not calculated to dispel the illusion. No sooner are the torches burnt out, than the numerous inhabitants engaged in the frolic, pouring forth from the quay and its neighbourhood, form a long string, and, hand in hand, run furiously through every street, vociferating, 'an eye,'—'an eye,'—'an eye!' At length they suddenly stop, and the two last of the string, elevating their clasped hands, form *an eye* to this enormous *needle*, through which the *thread* of populace runs; and thus they continue to repeat the game until weariness dissolves the union, which rarely happens before midnight. On the following day (Midsummer day) festivities of a very different character enliven the bay; and the spectator can hardly be induced to believe that the same actors are engaged in both dramas. At about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, the country people, drest in their best apparel, pour into Penzance from the neighbouring villages, for the purpose of performing an aquatic divertisement. At this hour the quay and pier are crowded with holiday-makers, where a number of vessels, many of which are provided with music for the occasion, lie in readiness to receive them. In a short time the embarkation is completed, and the sea continues for many hours to present a moving picture of the most animating description. Penzance is remarkable in history for having been entered and burnt by the Spaniards in the year 1595. From time immemorial a prediction had prevailed, that a period would arrive when '*some strangers should land on the rocks of Merlin, who should burn Paul's Church, Penzance, and Newlyn.*' Of the actual accomplishment of this prediction we receive a full account from Carew; from which it would appear, that on the 23d of July, 1595, about two hundred men landed from a squadron of Spanish galleys on the coast of Mousehole, when they set fire to the church of Paul, and then to Mousehole itself. Finding little or no resistance, they proceeded to Newlyn,† and from thence to Penzance. Sir Francis Godolphin endeavoured to inspire the inhabitants with courage to repel these assailants; but so fascinated were they by the remembrance of the ancient prophecy, that they fled in all directions, supposing that it was useless to contend against the destiny that had been predicted. The Spaniards, availing themselves of this desertion, set it on fire in different places, as they had already done to Newlyn, and then returned to their galleys, intending to renew the flames on the ensuing day; but the Cornish having recovered from their panic, and assembled in great numbers on the beach, so annoyed the Spaniards with their bullets and arrows, that they drew their galleys farther off, and, availing themselves of a favourable breeze, put to sea and escaped. It is worthy of remark, that when the Spaniards first came on shore, they actually landed on a rock called 'Merlin.' The historian concludes this narrative by observing, that these were the only Spaniards that ever landed in England as enemies."

In this quotation we have been somewhat amused with the grand philosophical language in which the simple fact of *lighting* the tar-barrels is told;—they are "soon urged into a state of vivid combustion." There are here and there touches of the same kind of flowery style; for instance—"The scenery, too, is here of the most magnificent description; rocks overhang rocks in ruinous grandeur, and appear so fearfully equipoised, that, although secure in their immensity, they create in the mind the most awful apprehension of their instability, whilst the mighty roar of the ocean beneath unites in effect with the scenery above. All around is sublime." We like the plain manner better, even were it as plain as Dolly Pentreath's epitaph.

"Paul church is a very conspicuous object, from its high elevation, and interests the historian from the tradition, already stated, of its having been burnt by the Spaniards; upon which occasion the south porch alone is said, in consequence of the direction of the wind, to have escaped the conflagration. A pleasing confirmation of this tradition was lately afforded during some repairs, when one of the wooden supporters was found charred at the end nearest the body of the church. It also deserves notice, that the thick stone division at the back of the Trewarveneth pew, which has so frequently occasioned inquiry, is a part of the old church which escaped the fire. In the church is the following curious notice of its having been burnt: '*The Spanger burnt this church in the year* 1595.' Most tourists inform us that in this churchyard is to be seen the monumental stone with the epitaph of old Dolly Pentreath, so celebrated among antiquaries as having been the last person who spoke the Cornish language. Such a monument, however, if it ever existed, is no longer to be found; nor can any information be obtained with regard to its probable locality. Her epitaph is said to have been both in the Cornish and English language, viz.

'Coth Dol Pentreath cans ha deaw
Marir en bedans en Powl pleu;
Na en an eglar ganna poble brar
Bet en eglar hay coth Dolly es!'

'Old Dol Pentreath, one hundred age and two,
Both born and in Paul parish buried too;
Not in the church, mongst people great and high,
But in the churchyard, doth old Dolly lie!'*

Of St. Michael's Mount, one of the most striking features of the Cornish coast, and not uncelebrated in early history, we have a very interesting account; and regret we can only quote a slight portion of it.

"On one of the angles of this tower is to be seen the carcass of a stone lantern, in which, during the fishing season, and in dark tem-

* "It is reasonable to advert to the summer solstice for this custom, although brought into the Christian calendar under the sanction of John the Baptist. Those sacred fires 'kindled about midnight, on the moment of the solstice, by the great part of the ancient and modern nations, the origin of which loses itself in antiquity.'—See Gebelin, and also Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities."

* "The fifth day of the Eleusinian feast was called 'the day of the torches,' because at night the men and women ran about with them in imitation of Ceres, who, having lighted a torch at the fire of Mount Ætna, wandered about from place to place, in search of her daughter Proserpine. Hence may we not trace the high antiquity of this species of popular rejoicing?"

† "Will not this historical fact explain the peculiar cast of beauty possessed by many of the fish-women residing in this village?"

pestuous nights, it may reasonably be supposed that the monks, to whom the tithe of such fishery belonged, kept a light as a guide to sailors, and a safeguard to their own property: this lantern is now vulgarly denominated St. Michael's Chair, since it will just admit one person to sit down in it: the attempt is not without danger; for the chair, elevated above the battlements, projects so far over the precipice, that the climber must actually turn the whole body at that altitude in order to take a seat in it; notwithstanding the danger, however, it is often attempted: indeed, one of the first questions generally put to a stranger, if married, after he has visited the Mount,—Did you sit in the chair?—for there is a conceit, that if a married woman has sufficient resolution to place herself in it, it will at once invest her with all the regalia of petticoat government; and that if a married man sit in it, he will thereby receive ample powers for the management of his wife. This is probably a remnant of monkish fable, a supposed virtue conferred by some saint, perhaps a legacy of St. Keyne, for the same virtue is attributed to her well.

> 'The person of that man or wife
> Whose chance or choice attains
> First of this sacred stream to drink,
> Thereby the mastery gains.'"

We find so much respecting the mines, the pilchard fisheries, and other topics of general curiosity, that, though only a small volume, we must devote another paper to Dr. Paris's labour.

Graphic Illustrations of Warwickshire, accompanied by Historical and Descriptive Notices. Parts I. II. III. and IV. 4to. pp. 64. Birmingham, 1827, Beilby, Knott, and Beilby; London, W. B. Cooke.

THIS is a valuable and beautiful publication. The four Parts which we have already seen form the half of the intended work.—If it were only that

> "The lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad,"

that would be a sufficient cause for especially endearing the county of Warwick to every Englishman; but, as the able writer of the *Historical and Descriptive Notices* justly observes, Warwickshire is also "a county rich in noble monuments of feudal and ancient architecture, and abounding with scenes of deep and imperishable interest."

The various topographical details are copious, and we have no doubt correct. As a specimen of the literary part of the work we transcribe the account of the celebrated Dugdale, which is attached to the notice of Blithe Hall, his residence; now in the possession of his descendant, Dugdale Stratford Dugdale, Esq., one of the members for the county.

"Sir William Dugdale, the only son of John Dugdale, of Shustoke, gent., was born there September 12, 1605. He was placed at the free school in Coventry, where he continued till he was fifteen. In 1623 he married; and on the death of his father in 1624, he took up his residence on an estate which he possessed at Fillongley; but in the following year he purchased the manor of Blithe, in the parish of Shustoke, and selling his estate at Fillongley, he removed to Blithe Hall, devoting the principal part of his time to the study of antiquities. In 1638 he went to London, and was introduced to Sir Christopher Hatton and Sir Henry Spelman, through whose interest he was created a pursuivant at arms extraordinary, by the name of Blanch Lyon. He was afterwards made rouge-croix pursuivant in ordinary, by letters patent, dated March 18, 1640; and having a lodging in the heralds' office, and convenient opportunities, he spent that year and part of the following in augmenting his collections out of the records in the Tower and other places. In 1641, through Sir Christopher Hatton's encouragement, he employed himself in taking exact draughts of all the monuments in Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's Cathedral, and in many other cathedral and parochial churches of England. In 1642 he was ordered by the king to repair to York; and in July was commanded to attend the Earl of Northampton, who was marching into Worcestershire and Warwickshire, to oppose the forces raised by Lord Brooke for the service of the parliament. He was with the king at the battle of Edge-Hill, and afterwards at Oxford, where he continued with his majesty till the surrender of that garrison to the parliament in 1646. In 1642 he had been created M.A., and in 1644 made Chester herald. During his long residence at Oxford he applied himself to the search of such antiquities, in the Bodleian and other libraries, as he thought might conduce to the furtherance of the 'Monasticon,' at that time designed by him and Roger Dodsworth; as also to collect whatever might relate to the history of the ancient nobility of this realm, to be made use of in his 'Baronage.' After the surrender of Oxford upon articles, Dugdale, having the benefit of them, and having compounded for his estate, repaired to London, where he and Dodsworth proceeded vigorously in completing their collections out of the Tower records and Cottonian library, and published, at their own charge, the first volume of 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' adorned with views of abbeys, churches, &c.: the second volume was published in 1661, and the third in 1673. In the mean time, Dugdale printed, at his own charge, and published in 1656, 'The Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated, from records, leiger-books, manuscripts, charters, evidences, tombs, and arms; beautified with maps, prospects, and portraitures.' The author mentions, in his preface, that he had spent the greatest part of his time, for more than twenty years, in accomplishing this work, which, indeed, is allowed to be one of the best methodised and most accurate accounts ever written of this nature, and to stand at the head of all the county histories that have been given to the public. While this work was printing, which occupied nearly a year and a half, Dugdale continued in London, for the sake of correcting the press; during which time he had an opportunity of collecting materials for another work, which he published in 1658, 'The History of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.' Upon the restoration of Charles II., Dugdale was, through the recommendation of Lord Chancellor Hyde, advanced to the office of norroy king at arms; and in 1662 he published 'The History of imbanking and draining of divers fens and marshes, both in foreign parts and in this kingdom, and of the improvement thereby; extracted from records, manuscripts, and other authentic testimonies: adorned with sundry maps, &c.' About the same time he completed the second volume of Sir Henry Spelman's 'Councils;' and also the second part of that learned knight's 'Glossary.' In 1666 he published 'Origines Juridiciales, or historical memoirs of the English laws, courts of justice, forms of trial, punishment in cases criminal, law-writers, law-books, grants and settlements of estates, degree of sergeants, inns of court, chancery, &c.' This work is adorned with the heads of Sir John Clench, Sir Edward Coke, Sir Randolph Crew, Sir Robert Heath, Edward Earl of Clarendon, to whom it is dedicated, Sir Orlando Bridgman, Sir John Vaughan, and Mr. Selden. His next work was the 'Baronage of England,' of which the first part appeared in 1675, and the second and third in 1676. This has been censured as incorrect and defective; but whatever might be its faults, it was so acceptable, that in the year following its publication very few copies remained unsold. In May 1677, this diligent and laborious antiquary was solemnly created garter principal king at arms; and, on the day following, received from his majesty the honour of knighthood. In 1681 he published 'A short view of the late troubles in England; briefly setting forth their rise, growth, and tragical conclusion.' At the same time he published 'The ancient usage in bearing of such ensigns of honour as are commonly called Arms, &c.:' and the last work that he published was, in 1685, 'A perfect copy of all summons of the Nobility to the great Councils and Parliaments of this Realm, from the 49th of King Henry III. until these present times, &c.' He wrote, indeed, some other pieces relating to the same subjects, which were never published; and was, likewise, the chief promoter of the Saxon Dictionary by Mr. William Somner, printed at Oxford in 1659. His collections of materials for the 'Antiquities of Warwickshire' and the 'Baronage of England,' all written with his own hand, contained in twenty-seven volumes in folio, he gave by will to the University of Oxford, together with sixteen other volumes, which are now preserved in Ashmole's Museum. He gave, likewise, several books to the heralds' office, in London, and procured many more for their library. In a short time after his last publication had made its appearance, this illustrious man closed his long and useful mortal career. He died in his chair, at Blithe Hall, on the 10th of February, 1686, in his 81st year, and was interred at Shustoke, in a little vault which he had caused to be made in the church. Over that vault he had erected, in his life-time, an altar-tomb of free-stone, with an epitaph of his own writing."

Of the first four Parts of these Graphic Illustrations it is impossible to speak too highly. They contain sixteen plates (sixteen remaining to be published), which do infinite credit to the talents and taste of Mr. W. Radclyffe, by whom they have been engraved, from drawings made expressly for the work by W. Westall, A.R.A., P. Dewint, J. V. Barber, and F. Mackenzie. "Warwick Castle," both from the river and from the outer court; "Charlecote," "Stratford upon Avon;" and both views of "Aston Hall," are pre-eminently beautiful.—Without meaning to depreciate the merits of fine landscape composition, we must say, that there is a charm in the truth of representations of local scenery, for the absence of which scarcely any other quality can compensate; and of that charm we were never more sensible than while contemplating these delightful prints.

Dr. Granville's Travels in Russia.
Mr. Rae Wilson's Travels, &c.

[Fourth notice.]

THE dearth of new publications at this period (and we do not recollect a worse crop) would be an excuse for our continuing this head of our discourse even longer than we intend to continue it; but when it is recollected that these are two separate works, and four thick

volumes, it will be conceded to us that we are not spinning so long a yarn as at first sight appears. The following account of the imperial family, by Dr. G., is, at all events, well entitled to selection, since on the personal character of the Emperor Nicholas more of human happiness or misery depends, at this moment, than on the character of any living being. It is a fearful responsibility to hold such a station; and it is most cheering to hear that the almost despotic sovereign of such a country as Russia is, when so much depends upon it, a just, a good, and a rational man.

"The education which the present Emperor of Russia received in his youth—the example of an elder brother, whom all Europe recognised as an upright prince—the experience of passing events, added to information sought and obtained in foreign countries, while yet removed from the throne—are so many guarantees of the safety of that confidence which other sovereigns have placed in him. Were it even only his character as an eminently dutiful and affectionate son to a surviving parent, herself the acknowledged pattern of every virtue, Nicholas would still have the strongest claim to an implicit belief. But that prince has other and equally strong titles to the utmost reliance of his own subjects and that of foreign nations; for both which reasons he may safely rest his expectations of a full approbation of his conduct. Nicholas the First was thirty-two years of age on the 7th of July last. He was born in the same year in which Catherine the Second closed her long and glorious reign, and did not therefore, like his more fortunate brothers Alexander and Constantine, experience the influence of that great mind in the care of his early education. Nature, however, had provided him with a mother who stood in less need than any reigning princess of the counsels and assistance of others to lead her child in the path of virtue. At an early age he was placed under the guidance of General Count Lamsdorff, an officer of distinguished merit, who had served his sovereign with great reputation, both in the field and as governor of Courland. The count had previously enjoyed a high degree of well-merited confidence at court, as *cavalier de service*, with the Grand-duke Constantine, during a period of ten years, and likewise as director of the first corps of cadets. He enjoyed the patronage of the present empress mother, then reigning empress; and it was under her direction that he conducted the education of the Grand-duke Nicholas, and that of his brother the Grand-duke Michael, from the time of the former of those two princes completing the fourth year of his age. No choice could have been more fortunate. The qualities of the governor's heart were precisely such as affectionate parents would wish to see appreciated by their children; and those of his mind were strictly of that cast which were required to direct the studies of his illustrious pupils, under the instructions of proper masters. The count is no more: he terminated his long and honourable career, at the age of eighty-three, on the 4th of April last; and from his character, as portrayed in the court gazette, it is fair to conclude that the principles which he doubtless endeavoured to instil into the bosom of his imperial pupil must have been consonant with those which marked his own conduct through life. * * *

"As Nicholas grew in years, preceptors for the higher branches of learning were selected from among the most eminent men of the country; and it is but justice to make particular mention of one of them, Monsieur Balouhiansky, who had the honour of instructing the grand-duke in the principles of the art of government and of practical science; and the continuation of whose services Nicholas has since secured to himself, as emperor, by placing him in his private *chancellerie* in the situation of state secretary. Too young at the time of the invasion of his country to take a prominent part in that war of defence, which was soon followed by another and the last campaign, Nicholas has not had opportunities of acquiring that degree of experience in warlike operations which would be required of him were he intended for a mere military conqueror. But the art and science of military operations, without which experience itself is frequently of no avail, he studied under very able masters and veteran officers. In the year 1816, travelling in foreign countries was deemed expedient by the grand-duke, with a view to acquire more enlarged notions respecting those nations which were acting the most conspicuous parts in Europe. Among these, Great Britain was selected as the country which offered a wider field of observation to a prince desirous of information. The grand-duke, therefore, visited England in November of that year: he landed at Dover, where he was received by the Russian ambassador and Colonel Ford, who commanded the engineers stationed in the town, and who accompanied the prince round the fortifications of the castle, on the heights, and through the subterraneous passages of that fortress. His first step on British ground was marked by a proof of liberal disposition. The noise of the cannon which had been firing to celebrate his arrival, according to form, had frightened a horse that was standing in a cart at a short distance from the shore. The animal ran the length of some streets, dragging its heavy load after it, when it fell down and expired. The grand-duke was passing at the time; and learning, on inquiry, the nature of the accident which had deprived an industrious man of a useful animal, insisted on compensating him with a sum of money far above his loss, of which, observed the prince, 'I am myself the innocent cause.' The grand-duke resided in St. Alban's House, in Stratford-place, where the Austrian archdukes had been staying a short time before. He was accompanied by General Kutusoff, Baron Nicolay, now Russian ambassador at Copenhagen, Dr. now Sir William Crichton, and others. Royal carriages and footmen were placed at his disposal: he held levees, received the subjects of his imperial brother, listened to the complaints, history, and petitions of the supplicants amongst those Russians who happened to be in London in need of assistance, and in all cases relieved them, either with money, or by providing, in concert with the ambassador, for their return to their native country. A frequent and mutual intercourse was kept up, during his residence at St. Alban's House, between the royal family and himself. The grand-duke received visits from the prince regent and his royal brothers, to whom he gave a grand entertainment on board a Russian frigate, at Woolwich. He rode out a great deal—visited many of the public establishments, frequently accompanied by the late Sir W. Congreve, than whom few people were better able to explain their nature and objects—mixed freely in society—and acquired a high degree of popularity for his affability and polished manners. After a residence of some weeks, he extended his visits to several parts of England and Scotland, endeavouring to make himself master of those peculiarities which distinguish this above all other nations. In the following year he married the present Empress Alexandra Feodorowna, then Princess Charlotta of Prussia, daughter of Frederic William the Third, and of the late queen, whose name is highly revered in her own country, and wherever virtue and an elevated mind are justly valued. With the hallowed reputation of her lamented mother, which preceded her to the country of her husband, the present empress carried thither her own name, already associated by the public voice with every noble quality that can embellish the fair sex, and more particularly one in so exalted a station. Nature, too, had been so lavish of her favours on the person of the empress, that it is impossible to imagine a more striking appearance, or one which, with the handsome countenance of the late Queen of Prussia, and somewhat of that melancholy expression which marks the upper part of the face of her royal father, unites to a stately majestic carriage so much grace and dignity. Of the many portraits which Mr. Dawe has painted of the empress, some of which (particularly the last, in her gala-dress) possess great merit as pictures, I think the palm is due to that which has been beautifully engraved by Mr. Wright, and which represents her majesty sitting, playfully entertaining her two eldest children, the hereditary grand-duke, and the grand-duchess Maria. The artist seems to have seized in this instance not only the lineaments of the face, but those of the mind of his illustrious original. Of this most amiable princess the emperor is represented to be doatingly fond; and with her he leads an extremely domesticated life, although surrounded by all the cares of so vast an empire. He is frequently seen abroad with her, without any of that attendant pomp and splendour which are perhaps necessary pageants with less popular sovereigns; and both are known to devote much parental care to the education of the numerous children with which their union has been blessed. Of these, five survive; namely, Alexander Nicholaevitch, the hereditary grand-duke, born in 1818; Maria Nicholajevna, grand-duchess, born in 1819; Olga Nicholajevna, grand-duchess, born in 1822; Alexandra Nicholajevna, grand-duchess, born in 1825; and, lastly, Constantine Nicholaevitch, grand-duke, who was born in September 1827, a few weeks before our arrival at St. Petersburgh. The hereditary grand-duke is placed under the superintendence of General Ouschakoff, one of the aids-de-camp-general of the emperor, assisted by Colonel Mörder, and receives instructions from Monsieur Joukovsky, one of the most distinguished literary characters in Russia. It is remarkable that the three grand-duchesses have English nurses attached to their establishment. The hereditary grand-duke is a very fine-looking child, strongly resembling his father, high-spirited, and, it is said, of the most promising disposition. With such a domestic *ménage* as distinguishes the present imperial family of Russia, it is impossible not to expect from the children every thing that is flattering to the prospects of that country, and, we may add, of Europe; for the destinies of all nations must necessarily be more or less interested in the question—who is to wield the resources of that extensive empire. The hereditary grand-duke, who had been appointed colonel of a regiment of hussars from his earliest age, was named, during our stay in the capital, *ataman* of all the Cossack troops; on which occasion the court gazette published the imperial rescript, addressed to General Kouteinikoff, commanding those forces. * * *

"The prince is brought up, both in a do-

mestic and military point of view, in the strictest discipline, and constantly under the eyes of his parents, and the vigilant and intelligent superintendence of the empress mother. He frequently walks or drives about town, attended by a companion of about his own age, who is educated with him, and is the son of a general officer. I have more than once seen him in the severest weather dressed in his simple uniform, accompanied by his playmate, driving a two-horse sledge, with none of the fur trappings which other people deem it necessary to wear as a protection against a cold of several degrees below the freezing point, blooming with health, and full of gaiety, receiving with a pleasing smile the salutations and marks of respect which, when recognised during the rapidity of his course, every class of persons seem delighted in paying to their future emperor. * * *

"Nor is the individual conduct of the emperor himself without its good effect on the minds of his people. His application to business is most regular. The affairs of the state alone seem to engross his attention; and it is said that he seldom gives an hour to pleasure which might have been better devoted to the welfare of his subjects. He rises early, and spends some time in transacting military matters. Part of this consists in receiving, as I before stated, Count Diebitch, the chief of the état-major, who daily waits on his majesty from seven o'clock till nine, and reports the state of the army during the preceding day, and receives his majesty's commands. After breakfast he either attends the council, or receives his ministers daily; each of whom has his appointed days and hours for waiting on the emperor. He has on some occasions attended the senate; and it was reported, while we were at St. Petersburgh, that having heard that the senators had been in the habit of assembling very late,—a practice which caused considerable delay in public business,—his majesty called early one day at the house of the senate, and finding none of its members assembled, simply desired it to be made known to them, that the emperor had attended to transact business at such an hour. From that time the senators took care to be at their post with greater punctuality. At one o'clock he generally attends the parade. * * *

"After the parade his majesty generally returns home, and if there are to be any private presentations to him, it is before his dinner that they take place; otherwise he either walks or rides out alone, or accompanied by the empress. He is very fond of riding on horseback, but he also frequently goes out with his consort in a French cabriolet, which he drives himself. I have likewise seen him walking up and down that magnificent quay on the Neva, called the English Line, either alone or accompanied by some minister or general officer; and I understand, that in fair weather, and when the empress is in good health, her majesty often accompanies him on these excursions. On such occasions it is the etiquette on the part of persons who meet them to stand still until they have passed, pulling their hats off, when the emperor invariably returns the salutation *à la militaire*, by putting the back of the hand up to his hat. With all persons who are known to him, he will occasionally stop and converse with great affability and without reserve. The dinner-hour is between three and four o'clock; after which his majesty spends part of the day with his family and children. The evening brings its own labours and occupations. Ministers are received, or the emperor attends to business in his private cabinet with his own secretary; but on fixed days, at eight o'clock, he orders a particular minister to bring his *porte-feuille*, and will remain with him till ten, going methodically through, and despatching an infinite variety of business, so as to clear away every sort of arrear, and make himself master of the different subjects of each department. The strict observance of engagements which his majesty is known to expect on every occasion, tends materially to facilitate every operation, and serves as a lesson to his subjects, that, without punctuality in all the affairs and transactions of life, talent, rank, nay even a high character, are rendered useless to society. The imperial family retires early to rest. I have known some distinguished persons, who have had the honour of being invited to the presence of the emperor and empress in the evening, come away at ten o'clock, the hour at which it was understood that their majesties retired for the night. How else, indeed, could any human frame support, for any length of time, the toils, cares, and anxieties, which commence with these exalted persons at sunrise, and continue all day without intermission? Not satisfied with the ordinary routine of affairs, Nicholas, who seems to be the most indefatigable and active sovereign now reigning, and whose occupations are generally of a serious nature, having the good and happiness of his people in view, has traced out to himself other tasks and other duties. One of the additional burdens which he has voluntarily imposed on himself, is that of looking over the reports and returns of every arrest and imprisonment that takes place in his empire, as well as of the state of the prisons, according to a formula which he has himself prescribed, and ordered to be filled up and regularly forwarded to him in a direct manner. In these returns, the name of each prisoner or individual arrested, the nature of the crime, and the length of time during which he has been imprisoned, either before or after trial, must be accurately entered. Judging from this information, his majesty has frequently given orders for bringing persons to a speedy trial who had been long in prison, and others to be released who appeared to have suffered long, or to have been too severely punished. In some cases, he has ordered the sentence either to be revoked, or its severity mitigated, in consequence of certain extenuating circumstances which appeared on the face of the information contained in the statement. It is not necessary to remark how much good, in a country like Russia, as yet deprived of the great blessing of a uniform, inviolable, and intelligible code of criminal laws, so praiseworthy an undertaking on the part of an all-powerful monarch must produce."

The empress mother is described as a model of benevolence and goodness: her whole life seems to be actively devoted to the great objects of humanity and charity; and all the philanthropic institutions, as well as those for encouraging industry and the arts, in St. Petersburgh, feel the cherishing effects of her zeal and influence.

(To be continued.)

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

King James the Second: a dramatic Poem. By John Crauford Whitehead, M.D. 8vo. pp. 151. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

A LESS dramatic subject than James the Second we could scarcely have imagined; but on reference to Dr. Whitehead's production, we found that the drama was a theological and political essay in disguise.

Practical Lectures on the Historical Books of the Old Testament. By the Rev. H. Lindsay, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Wimbledon, Surrey. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

THESE excellent sermons formed part of a series preached at Wimbledon, during six summer months, to congregations consisting principally of respectable tradesmen—the labouring classes—and domestic servants. They are of the most practical and useful character, and are well calculated to interest the minds of every class, whether of hearers or readers; and we earnestly recommend these volumes to the general public.

A Volume of Sermons. By the Rev. C. B. Taylor, M.A. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1828. Hessey.

WELL meriting a like rank among the pious labours of the ministry, is this simple, but admirable volume. Directed to instruct and improve even the most ignorant; while it reflects lustre on the Christian motives of its amiable author, it at the same time does honour to his talents. Mr. Taylor's abilities, as a moral, persuasive, and delightful writer, are too well known to require a comment.

Horæ Religiosæ; or, Daily Approaches to God, in a Series of Prayers, Meditations, and Hymns. London, 1828. Tilt.

A VERY small but very beautiful and well-selected book of devotion, to which our most eminent divines and moralists contribute in various ways. A portrait of Bishop Bloomfield and an appropriate vignette adorn it; and it is altogether a manual of excellent tendency.

Castle's Manual of Surgery. 12mo. pp. 334. London, 1828. Cox and Son.

THE name of every disease that can make a man wretched, and the usual ways in which they are treated, are to be found in this useful little volume. We turned its pages over, to see if we knew enough of any of the subjects to be able to speak to its general character; but even the "treatment of stumps" was, we found, too much for our pen. All we can say, therefore, is, that we hear a good report of the Manual among medical students.

A Manual of the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Eye and its Appendages. By S. I. Stratford, Member of the College of Surgeons, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 199. Longman and Co.

WE consider this to be a very excellent, practical, and useful treatise, which well deserves to be consulted wherever that delicate and important organ, the eye, is affected.

The Pleasures of Ornithology: a Poem. By James Jennings, Author of "Ornithologia." 12mo. pp. 46. London, Poole and Edwards.

WE lauded the author's Ornithologia; but we think the present is carrying the matter rather too far. The greatest Pleasures of Ornithology, at this time, are to be found in dissecting Michaelmas geese, grouse, partridges, chickens, and pigeons,—as for a semi-scientific, semi-sentimental poem about them, it is a melancholy absurdity, without one merry thought. Yet there is some fun in it—witness the dedication.

"To *her* who, midst the world's vicissitudes
Of good, of ill, of pleasure, and of pain,
Hath ever boldly stood, like steadfast rock,
Amid the strife of ocean;—*her* who *still*,
Through years of varied fortune, *still* unchanged,

A faithful friend and comforter remains;—
To *her* who long, beside the social hearth,
Hath twined of firmness and of constancy
A wreath that ne'er shall perish; unto *her*,
Affectionate, sincere, this *sylvan song*
I consecrate—these *Pleasures of the Birds!!!*"

After this most dove-like inscription, Mr. Jennings demands leave to say one final strain, ere Time "mows down to dust his being;" and then he gets into such a flock of merulids, sylviads, and alaudinas, (*i. e.* thrushes, warblers, and larks,) that we are quite lost in the concert of notes.

Mr. Jennings is a humane, well-meaning person, and all the birds of the air are (or ought to be) much obliged to him; for he goes through every tribe; and by describing

"Their songs, their habits, structure, and their nests,"

endeavours to awaken a kindly human feeling and sympathy in their favour. This is pushed to the utmost, when he begs sportsmen to let their deed be

"Swift as the lightning's shaft—a struggle, *sigh*,
And silence:"

the sigh of a partridge or a land-rail! But withal, this little book will be found not a bad amusement for young ornithologists.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 20.

As this people cannot exist without emotions, it is wonderful that the springs both of head and heart are not fined away by constant movement ere half the span of a Parisian life be passed. A few days since the crowd pressed to the Place du Palais de Justice, where Constance Melun, the *ci-devant femme de chambre* of Mlle. Mars, was exposed in the pillory, as were also eleven other women, one of whom was branded. Mde. Melun, *à ce qu'on dit*, testified neither shame nor contrition, though at the moment she descended into the car which was to conduct her to the prison of St. Lazare the populace hissed her. This disapprobation was perhaps feigned by the spectators to cover their own handy-work, for two Englishmen had their pockets picked at the same moment: indeed all public punishments are well attended by *léger-de-main* gentlemen, and speculations run high on such occasions. "Necessity has no law," is the creed of thieves; and a good occasion for helping themselves they regard as a providential circumstance.

On the 15th we had races at the Champs de Mars; but not being a good jockey, I cannot give you an interesting description of them. The riders were dressed in English fashion, and the French multitude appeared enchanted with the rapidity and lightness of the coursers. There was some high betting; and this new species of pleasure will furnish another means of gratifying the passion for gambling. It was the Duc de Bourdeaux who distributed the prizes: he was dressed as a colonel of hussars: his sister was not with him, but both his governors were in attendance. Nothing can flatter the people more than taking a part in their amusements; therefore the young prince will become most popular.

I went to see Mlle. Mars in the *Mariage d'Argent*: it was her first performance in this capital since her visit to London. The enthusiasm testified on her appearance could only be equalled by that shewn to our Macready. A crown was thrown on the stage ere she commenced, but she won it fairly in the character of *Mdme. de Brienne*. A new piece was hissed at the Vaudeville, and with reason; for an author must be mad to give the title *l'Art de se faire aimer de son Mari* to his composition. This is a lesson Parisian dames do not want; for nothing could be more displaced, *ennuyant*, and troublesome, with them, than a loving husband, who would in consequence be for ever at home, jealous as a Spaniard, and always on the *qui vive*, lest master Cupid should adopt other forms than his *chez lui*.

The performances of the *élèves sculpteurs* who compete for the grand prize were *exposed* at the *Ecole de Beaux Arts* on the 10th inst. The subject given is Hercules at the moment when the pains seize him in consequence of the tunic dipped in the blood of Nessus, and sent by Dejanira; and the demigod devotes himself to death, causes a pile to be made, throws himself on it, and orders it to be set on fire. There are eight competitors, and I rather think judges will be much embarrassed in their decision, as five of the eight seem to have equal claim to success. Were I to speak from *goût*, and an unscientific judgment, I should give the preference to the Hercules of M. Debay, though his form does not answer the idea of great muscular strength, and one of the legs is rather of a serpentine shape; yet the calm of the countenance, the proud position of the head, and the imperious movement of the hand which points out the flambeau to set fire to the pile, express admirably the feelings of a mind unconquered by pain, though submitting to it. [Since writing this, the prizes have been adjudged; and I find that I have proved myself a bad *judge* of sculpture—for, directly contrary to my ideas, M. Dautin gained the first prize, and M. Jaques (whose Hercules is a most academical-looking demi-god) the second:—so much for difference of opinion in matters of taste!]

The departure of Chateaubriand has taken place: he set out on the 15th, to the great regret of men of letters and all those who were admitted to his society. The journals teem with eulogies on him; and when he shall have crossed the Alps, not a blemish will be found to sully his name. There is nothing like absence and death to make a bright fame. A monument is voted to Mr. Gall. The French are profuse of ghostly honours, or rather honouring ghosts. Mdme. Gall has published a letter in defence of her husband's principles, and to prove that he was neither atheist nor deist, but an excellent papist: how far she will persuade the public, I know not, nor is it of much consequence in Paris; for esteem does not depend on one's creed here; and few men (apparently, and judging from their lives) hold to any particular religion except for form's sake.

All the world, to use a French phrase, are gone to Mont Calvaire to relieve their souls of the summer's sinning, and to clear the way, by confession, for winter's frailties. Paris is quite empty at this moment; for one may as well give up the hope of going to heaven, as miss any pleasure procurable for love or money: every shop, too, is shut; and young and old are on the road to enjoyment, dressed in their best, and, to all appearances, with *light hearts—tant mieux!* I admire their philosophy, which does not even allow the little burden of offences they are about to acknowledge, to curb for a moment their mirth, though they are sure of undergoing a *certain penance*, according to the measure of their *péchés*. Three young girls have just left me, who are going to deposit the secrets of their sinnings in the chapel of the sacred mount; but they did not seem to dread a severe admonition from their confessor:—I am speaking of the middling classes, for the higher orders have generally their family clergyman.

The king returned here on Thursday, on his way to St. Cloud; and the people flocked to witness his arrival. His postilions had their hats decorated with ribands of different colours, and their heads stored with the water of life; for they reeled to and fro through the streets all the evening, in honour of having conducted his majesty, whose health, I presume, they drank until their heels became as light as their heads.

The lovers of song are in despair here: Mdlle. Sontag has pronounced her irrevocable refusal to stay for the winter.

The delightful M. de la Martine has arrived in Paris, and I hope in my next to announce some new effusions from his pen.

ODDS AND ENDS:

From a Traveller's Note Book.

The most courteous nation on earth, as they call themselves—the French, are now the only people who exercise, at least in Europe, the disgusting practice of personal search upon *all* travellers who pass their frontiers, particularly if coming from Switzerland; and the dirty *gentlemen* who are employed in the disgusting duty, appear to revel in feelings of which any but such as they are would be ashamed. In passing, for instance, from Geneva to Dole, the first station is at La Rousses, where the passports are demanded—the travellers' trunks are rigorously examined, but not permitted to be *plumbed*—sealed—to prevent the necessity of a second search. At the next station, Morey, the passports are again demanded, and a second examination of trunks frequently enforced—though only a post distant from the former halt. At the third station of the *douane*, at La Maison Neuve, the traveller is obliged to leave his carriage, and if by Diligence, at midnight to enter a den of ruffians, and submit to a most disgusting personal examination: he is felt all over his body—his pockets are turned out—and every thing, and every folded paper examined, as if he had the power of concealing a musical box or a pound of tobacco in a tooth-pick case. Ladies are not exempted from this search, in another room, by women:—and all this, in spite of the conviction which these dirty *employés* must often feel, that the traveller is not a *contrabandier*, nor even a *négociant*.

From an advertisement for the Grande Albergo alla Torre di Londra, in Verona, circulated generally on the road, and printed in Italian, German, French, and English, the following is the English one literally copied:—

"*Circulatory.*—The old Inn of Londons Tower, placed among the more agreeable situation of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodosius Zignoni, restored by the decorum most indulgent to good things of life's easie's which are favoured from every arts liable at Inn same, with all object that is concerned conveniency of stage coaches, proper horses but good forages, and coach house; Do offers at Innkeeper the constant hope, to be honoured from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of meats, to delight of nations, round table, Caffee house, hackney coach, men servants of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of prices, shall arrive to accomplish in Him all satisfaction, and at Sirs, who will do the favor honouring him a very assured Kindness."

A visit to Louvere on the Lago d'Iseo is very rarely made by the English traveller in the north of Italy, though it is of easy accomplishment, and through scenes of great beauty. It is only a day's journey from Milan, by the delightfully situated town of Camonica, on the Adda—by Bergamo and the Lake of Spinone, over a good carriage-road. The approach to

Louvere, and the view up the Val Camonica, are the most strikingly beautiful that I ever saw; but the great interest of this visit to the English traveller is Louvere, where Lady M.W. Montague resided so many years, and whence so many of her letters are dated: the house in which she lived, the Casa Celani, is now a tolerable inn, under the sign of the Cannon d'Oro; and the *noble* family of Celani, established there since the year 1200, according to a genealogical tree exhibited in the *sala grande*, are the present innkeepers.

The sights of Venice have greatly increased in interest within a few years—I might have said days, for it is not a month since a new suite of galleries was opened, which contains some of the finest productions of the Venetian painters, and their Prince's noblest work, the Presentation of the Virgin, which, though painted by Titian at the age of eighty, surpasses all his other pieces in purity of design and admirable treatment of the subject. And in colour it appears to be a work of his most perfect period: it has not the vigour, amounting to severity, of his Assumption, but it will dwell longer upon the mind of the observer, and with a purer impression;—It cannot be fairly brought into comparison with his Pietro Martyre, but, like that grand painting, will be recalled in the memory of those who have seen it surrounded by a halo which will conceal its comparison with all inferior works. In the Church of the Frari, a monument has been erected to Canova, in which his design for the tomb of Titian has been adopted: it is very grand and impressive, but it is too much a repetition of his model of a tomb for a German princess, which contained the beautiful group of the Benificenza. The monument in the Frari contains his heart; his body lies in the new church erected by him in the place of his nativity, Passagno; and his *right hand*, with very questionable taste, has been separated, and put into a tawdry porphyry vase, with gilt handles, and placed over the president's chair in the council chamber of the Academia delle belle Arti. Beneath the vase is fastened the last chisel which he used, and which bears his initials, A. C.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

8th day, 12 hrs. 18 min. 15 sec.—the sun will be eclipsed, invisible to the British Isles; the eclipse will be central and annular to the inhabitants of the islands between Byron's and the Friendly Islands in the South Pacific Ocean; a ring of the solar orb will surround the opaque body of the moon, 52 sec. in breadth: this phenomenon will occur in the hand of the Virgin, near the bright star Spica Virginis.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Virgo . . .	8	12	8
☽ First Quarter in Sagittarius	15	18	47
○ Full Moon in Taurus . . .	22	13	12
☾ Last Quarter in Cancer . .	30	4	34

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Cancer	2	11	30
Venus in Leo	4	9	15
Mercury in Libra	10	8	7
Jupiter in Libra	10	22	45
Mars in Capricornus	16	8	0
Saturn in Cancer	29	22	20

23d day—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible a short time after sunset.

7th day—Venus at her greatest elongation, near Regulus, from which star the planet will be distant 1 deg. 30 min. Venus continues a very beautiful object as a morning star, and may be traced through the day, till it sinks below the horizon.

Mars, on the evening of the 12th day, will pass 2½ deg. south of Uranus, and will thus furnish an excellent opportunity of detecting this distant planet; they will pass the meridian together at 6 hrs. 50 min.

The proximity of Jupiter to the sun precludes favourable observation; after the 21st day, the eclipses of his satellites will not be visible.

Saturn is rapidly approaching to a favourable position for observation for those who do not pursue their astronomical researches beyond midnight: towards the end of the month, this planet will rise shortly after 10 hrs. 26th day, 23 hrs.—in quadrature.

21st day, 9 hrs. 15 min.—Uranus in quadrature.

The brilliant stars that compose the constellations Taurus, Gemini, and Arion, will, towards the middle of the month, become conspicuous objects in the south-east, shortly before midnight.

As the illumination of the atmosphere diminishes, and yields undivided empire to the darkness of night, a more distinct view of the wonders of the heavens is presented for our investigation; we penetrate with greater facility those awful depths, above, beneath, around; and find ample employment for contemplation and improvement.

In former astronomical papers, brief sketches have been given of those wonders in creation—subjects of a higher astronomy—which carry the mind beyond the movements of this lower sphere, this remote province of the universe, to expatiate on the loftier pinnacles of the higher heavens—systems of suns, performing their revolutions about their common centre of gravity, in vastly extended periods of time—lost stars, those bodies which, after shining for ages, gradually disappear, and are no longer seen as glittering gems in the diadem of night—new stars, or such as suddenly appear where no stars were before observed, justifying the suspicion, that these latter are new creations which have commenced their measured circling way, till the appointed period arrives for them to be commanded back to the realms of obscurity—the subject of Nebulæ, a still higher step in this wondrous scale of progression, dimly telling us, not merely of the existence of other suns like our own, with each a splendid retinue of planets, of solar stars connected together by mutual gravitation, but of systems of these, vastly separated in space, yet almost infinite in the individual suns that form the group, and these groups perhaps infinite in number, and scattered with boundless profusion over the vast concavity of the heavens, while the whole of each starry system is, probably, revolving about some distant, stupendous, and unspeakably resplendent, glorious centre. Nebulæ may be generally divided into two kinds; one, a combination of innumerable stars, which, from their distance, have the appearance of a faint cloud,—a distance so remote, as to leave the most powerful mind faltering in endeavouring to acquire an adequate conception of it: the other, probably not so remote, though inconceivably beyond our system of fixed stars, composed of a luminous matter, of the nature and destiny of which but a very faint idea is furnished for conjecture. The most remarkable of this kind is that in the sword-handle of Orion; its irregularity of form suggests a resemblance to the head of a monstrous animal, with two horns of unequal lengths, making a considerable angle with each other, the lower one having an easterly direction; an unequal brilliancy occurs throughout, as though one part was formed of accumulated luminous matter, assuming in some places the appearance of solidity: those parts which mark the outline of the mouth and eye of the fancied animal may be better described by comparing them to deep indented bays, nearly of a quadrangular figure, well defined, and by its brightness giving an intensity to the darkness of the sky that it surrounds, which, in these openings (probably by contrast), appears of an unusual blackness. The brightest part has by no means a uniform aspect, but exhibits an unevenness not unlike fleecy clouds of a scirrhous or mottled appearance, as if undergoing some change of separation. This bright region in some directions is abruptly terminated, and beyond it is seen a fainter region of nebulosity, while other parts gradually fade into that which is more diluted, till it subsides in the gloom of the neighbouring sky.

In these regions are several minute stars, one cluster of four, on the bright part, of different colours, arranged in the form of a trapezium; five others in the fainter part of the nebula, in the direction of the southern horn; other stars are scattered in and near the nebula, some of which are surrounded with the same milky luminosity: one most striking peculiarity is observed relative to these stars, that the nebulous matter seems to recede from them, so as to leave a dark space between it and their brilliant points, as though the stars were either repelling the nebulous matter or absorbing it. This is particularly the case with those that form the trapezium: a similar appearance may be observed in Sagittarius,—a nebula is broken into three parts, forming dark roads through the luminous matter, leading to a centre in which is situated a beautiful double star. On one of the sides of the dark openings before referred to, in the nebula of Orion, are filaments or fibres of light, which appear as if extending themselves to the opposite side; and on the sides of the head, in the direction of the northern horn, are faint streams of light, not unlike the tails of comets: closely adjoining to this nebula are several smaller. The whole sky for several degrees around this constellation is not free from these appearances; two, close together, one of a spindle, the other of a circular form; in the centre of the latter is a small star: a smaller nebula, at the entrance of one of the dark openings, appears as if drawing together into a star.

This is but an imperfect description of the present appearance of this magnificent phenomenon, as recently seen by Herschel's 20 feet reflecting telescope: there is every reason to believe that it has undergone considerable changes since it was first observed by Huygens, in 1656. A careful comparison of the descriptions and drawings of various astronomers seems to indicate that the bright part of the nebula once extended over a larger space, and that it is gradually receding towards the stars that form the trapezium; similar changes are suspected in other nebulæ; in some instances smaller ones are formed by the decomposition of larger. These mysterious luminous masses of matter may be termed the laboratories of the universe, in which are contained the principles of future systems of suns, planets, satellites, and other tributary bodies;—these elements not in awful stagnation, but through the whole one Spirit incessantly operating with sublime, unerring energy,—a process going on which illimitably extends the fields of conjecture, as it slowly urges its awful way through this boundless range—these mighty move-

ments and vast operations. How stupendous the consideration! Suns so immeasurably distant, that the light of those which are supposed to be contiguous, is three years in traversing the space that separates them; yet these connected with each other, and innumerable others, on the simple principle of gravitation,—these stars, so numerous, that in the small compass of half a degree, a greater number has been discovered by the telescope, than the naked eye can discern in the whole vault of heaven; and yet there is ground for the belief that the whole of these millions and millions of stars would melt into a soft tint of light, if supposed to be contemplated from some remote point of space. The galaxy (to which belongs several stars of the first, second, and other magnitudes), the cluster in which our sun is placed, if viewed from the bright nebula in the hand of Perseus, would probably appear as an assemblage of telescopic stars, ranged behind each other in boundless perspective. Were we to pursue our flight to that in the girdle of Andromeda,* it would diminish to a milky nebulosity, and, still further to extend our ideal flight, we should indistinctly perceive it as dimly revealed,—its light being nearly blended with the surrounding gloom, like those uncertain apparitions which are only occasionally seen in the field of view of a powerful telescope, when the air is refined and serene. How grand is the consideration of the plenitude of space!—no awful void, no dread vacancy, no dreary solitude: incessant streams of light, from myriads of systems, intersecting each other in every direction, and bearing to the boundless realms of creation evidences of creative power, benevolent design, and universal dominion.

Deptford. J. T. B.

* The nebula in Andromeda is visible to the unassisted eye, and has very much the appearance of a comet, for which there is reason to believe it has recently been mistaken.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

KING'S COLLEGE: LONDON UNIVERSITY.

A STATEMENT has found its way into all the newspapers—originating, we believe, in some imposition practised upon the *Courier*—that the Artillery Ground, near Finsbury Square, had been chosen for the site of the King's College. By referring, however, to the *Literary Gazette* of the 6th, it will be seen that the Regent's Park was mentioned as the place where this Institution was to be established; and we have reason to know, that, so far from there having been any change in this design, it has been proceeding as expeditiously as possible towards completion, through the official preliminary forms. The immense saving of expense from having a local habitation (as well as a name) at a small ground-rent from the *King*, will, we understand, induce some important modifications in the application of the subscription money; probably the funding of the donations, amounting to above 30,000*l.*, so as to endow professorships, and provide for certain other purposes in perpetuity; while the annual subscriptions, and other funds, are differently employed, agreeably to the demands of the College. Such is the present aspect of affairs respecting this seminary; and as soon as any thing more determinate is known, we shall, we trust, have it in our power to state it for the public information.

We ought, perhaps, to notice what may be considered an apology for the erroneous stories which have got into the newspapers. Persons, pretending to be authorised by the Committee, have not only sent printed circulars to the various Journals, but have absolutely issued a book,* pretending to the same authority, and containing nothing except an apocryphal tissue of mistatements and inventions. It is very difficult for editors to guard against such impudent frauds:† we have only to caution them and the public against anonymous communications, where so many persons are interested, as in this instance, either in endeavouring to procure the choice of particular grounds, or the sale of spurious works.

Friends to every Institution for the diffusion of knowledge and the improvement of science, we have to announce, and we do so with much pleasure, that the London University commences its useful career on Wednesday next, when the lectures for the first session are to be commenced by Mr. Charles Bell. Those announced for a cycle of six succeeding days, beginning with Wednesday, Oct. 1, and ending Tuesday, Oct. 6, (Sunday being, of course, a day of rest), are all connected with medical instruction, and intrusted to several very able men, whose names must carry much weight with them. We shall make it our business to attend to these proceedings sufficiently to be able to record the opening of so important an undertaking.

At present we have to observe, that during the course of the last month the progress towards completion of such parts of this fine building as will be wanted at the commencement of these lectures has been most rapid. The lecture-rooms required by the professors of anatomy, surgery, medicine, materia medica, and chemistry, are finished; and the arrangements of these rooms, and of the professors' private rooms and museums, with those in the basement of the building for the accommodation of the students in the intervals between the different lectures, including common rooms, dining rooms, kitchens, &c. &c. appear to be admirably suited to the purposes for which they are intended. The splendid apartments meant for the library and museum are in a less forward state, but still advancing; and the approaches to the parts of the building which are to be occupied immediately, are divided from those yet crowded with work-people by iron palisades. In the midst of all this activity, it seems that students are not wanting, and that their number daily increases. Of these, a large proportion are enrolled for the medical classes. The preparations for the reception of pupils of this description are very extensive. Few lecture rooms, we imagine, in Europe, if, indeed, any, are to be compared with the anatomical and chemical theatres. Several persons are busily employed in arranging the anatomical museum, already very considerable, and containing numerous objects, evidently selected and prepared with no common judgment and care. The arrangements for the illustration of the lectures on chemistry, and on natural philosophy, appear to be on the most liberal scale; and, in short, in every department there is an activity visible which cannot be contemplated without interest by all who derive pleasure from seeing the opportunities increased in this great metropolis of acquiring all kinds of laudable knowledge.

* Published somewhere in Paternoster Row, and sold, we hear, to a large extent, owing to placards posted all over town, headed *King's College, &c. &c.* The same, or other, parties caused to be announced the "First Book for the Instruction of the Students of the King's College, *by order of a Committee*," which is a rank imposition, the Committee having ordered nothing of the sort whatever, nor taken any definitive step beyond what we have recorded.—*Ed. L. G.*

† The "Student's First Instructor" is "*said* to be the production of the venerable and *talented* [Irish] Bishop of London," forsooth. The Bishop of London has, we fancy, something else to do than write school-books!!—*Ed. L. G.*

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN ENGLAND.

AN antiquarian investigation of considerable interest took place last week at Keston, in Kent, about fourteen miles from London. The object, as we understand, was to ascertain the situation of the Noviomagus of the Imperial Itinerary, which is there placed by some writers. Whatever other curious facts may be deduced from the excavations made, they have led to the unquestionable discovery of the remains of buildings, one of which is probably a Roman tomb. This is a circular wall, supported by six buttresses, the outward diameter of which circle measures thirty feet. The wall itself is three feet and a half in thickness, and is composed of flints, with layers of tiles turned up at the edges, and so fashioned at the ends as to fit one upon the other. Close to this circular building an oblong square chamber, about twelve feet in length, has been also completely exposed to view; and at a short distance from the latter, a stone coffin was found deposited in the chalk soil, at about eight feet below the surface of the ground.

The present examination has been carried on by four or five gentlemen, members of the Antiquarian Society, from some of whom, no doubt, a more detailed account than the few particulars we have been able to collect, may be expected. In digging, several pieces of fresco painting were thrown up, and innumerable fragments of ancient pottery; a few of these are of dark unbaked clay, with the rudest mouldings. Other fragments, of a deep red colour, are not inferior in texture to the best Wedgwood manufacture, and exhibit most exquisite forms, ornamented by a leafy pattern in relief. One or two bits of tawny-coloured ware present a very singular appearance, resembling mosaic—small and beautiful gravelly pebbles, about the size of seed pearl, being sprinkled on, and imbedded in, certain parts of the surface, probably to form some design. Upwards of a hundred fragments of pottery, with two or three tusks, and the handle of a sword or dagger, which were also turned up, are in the possession of Mr. Crofton Croker, with whom the investigation originated.

The Tumulus where these discoveries have been made, is situated at the foot of a considerable mound, called the War Bank, on the farm of Keston Court, belonging to Mr. Smith, and adjacent to the demesne of Holwood, formerly the seat of Mr. Pitt. The remarkable entrenchments in that demesne, and slightly to be traced on Keston Common, are well known to antiquaries and others by the name of Cæsar's Camp, and a small spring near the road (the source of the river Ravensbourne) as Cæsar's Well. But the War Bank appears to have escaped general notice, if we except a paper on the subject, by Mr. Kempe, published about twelve or fourteen years since. Nothing, however, in the way of examination was done until the present time, although several relics have been, at different periods, accidentally discovered; and the progress of the plough was constantly interrupted by striking against walls and foundations in the adjacent fields.

From a recent respectable lithographic publication, by Henry Warren (of which see notice in the *Literary Gazette*), illustrative of the scenery of the Ravensbourne, accompanied by descriptive letter-press, we are tempted to

make the following extract. But Mr. Warren's work would have pleased us better if he had had the candour to acknowledge how much he was indebted to Mr. Kempe's notice of the antiquities of the War Bank; and we must remark, that he seems implicitly to follow the conjecture of that gentleman, that the Roman Noviomagus, or new city, was built upon the site of a British town.

"Gibson, Somner, and Stillingfleet, have placed the Noviomagus of Antoninus here (at Keston). This has been opposed principally because it is not on the line of the Watling-street way: but on reference to the Itinerary of Antoninus, we shall find that, to take in Noviomagus, it was necessary that the traveller should go considerably out of that direct road to the sea ports; for in 'ITER. II. à Vallo ad Portum Ritupas,' we find this arrangement:

'Londinium.
Noviomagum, m. p. x.
Vagniacim, m. p. xviii.
Durobrivim, m. p. ix.'

Making the distance from London to Rochester, the ancient Durobrivis, thirty-seven miles; whereas, in 'ITER. III. à Londinio ad Portum Dubrim,' as likewise in 'ITER. IV. à Londinio ad Portum Lemanis,' we have the distance direct twenty-seven miles only. A circuitous route, taking in this place as Noviomagus, and Maidstone, determined by Camden and others to be Vagniacæ, in the way to Durobrivim or Rochester, would occupy these ten miles of extra distance. It may be supposed, that the way from London to this place was by a straight road, corresponding with the *via* of the Romans, to the eastward of Lewisham, by Milk-street and Sundridge, in the parish of Bromley, to a woody spot eastward of the before-mentioned works, where are some remains of several smaller banks.

"In furtherance of the opinion of those who place the Noviomagus, or, according to Ptolemy, Neomagus, at Holwood Hill, it may be remarked, that from the name *Neo* magus, or new city, there most probably existed one older, as in the case of Nimeguen in Holland, which was a city of the Batavians before the birth of Christ, called Oppidum Batavorum; but being burnt during the wars with the Romans, that people, when rebuilt, called it Neomagus. So likewise the two cities which bore that ancient name in Normandy."

Since writing the foregoing, it is with great regret we learn, that both the stone coffin and the walls of the buildings have been much injured by the idle curiosity of the neighbouring rustics, who crowd to the spot only to destroy these interesting remains. We most sincerely hope that speedy measures may be taken for their further development and preservation.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

One Cheer more! Prowett. Printed by Hullmandel.

A LITHOGRAPHIC portrait of Lord Eldon in the act of cheering with his glass, as at the memorable Pitt Club dinner, where the noble bacchanalian called for "*One Cheer more.*" Though we do not approve of handing down eminent men to posterity in such undignified aspects, it must be allowed, that this picture is true to the circumstances of the case. The empty glass is evidently in chancery; and the hilarious countenance of the ex-chief of that mighty court is expressive of intense pleasure —the dark eye glistening, and the mouth wrought into a most jovial smile. Instead of an austere judge, we have the king of jolly topers before us, as when

> The grave lord keeper led the brawls,
> And seals and maces danced before him.

Mary, Dowager Empress of Russia; Nicholas 1st, Emperor of all the Russias; Alexandra, Empress of all the Russias; and Grand Duke Alexander, Heir to the Russian Throne. Engraved by T. Wright, from Pictures by G. Dawe, R.A. Colnaghi and Co.

THESE engravings, although of a miniature or medallion size, are very ably executed; and we have no doubt that they possess a strong resemblance to the various originals. There is an exceedingly pleasing expression in the countenance of the Empress; and the Empress Mary's features have a striking resemblance to those of our own King. Were his Majesty pleased to masquerade it in the wig of Charles the Second, the resemblance would be very curious.

Forget-me-not.—Mr. Ackermann undoubtedly possesses a great advantage over his competitors, and one of which he will not easily be deprived, in having been the first to introduce into this country the elegant description of publications generally entitled "Annuals." But he is a man of too much good sense and experience to trust to that circumstance alone for a continuance of his success; and, accordingly, we find him making great exertions to render his little volume deserving of the public patronage, for its intrinsic merits. We have lying before us proofs of the plates which are to embellish the next "Forget-me-not;" and they are so beautiful that we must notice a few of the most striking.—"The Proposal," engraved by W. Humphrys, from a drawing by J. Stephanoff, which must be recollected with pleasure by all who visited the last exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. Mr. Humphrys has been highly successful in retaining the expression of the original;—the delight of the fair enslaver, the affectionate congratulations of her mother and her friend, and the jealous agony of her rival.—"The Idle School-boy," engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by H. Thomson, R.A. Mr. Finden has done great justice to the feeling and taste which Mr. Thomson infuses into every subject that he touches. It is an amusing exhibition of youthful listlessness; and the snail on the wall happily recalls the Shakesperian passage of which it is an illustration.—"Eddystone Lighthouse," engraved by R. Wallis, from a drawing by S. Owen. The powers of Mr. Owen, in the representation of marine views, are well known; and this is one of the most spirited efforts of his that we have seen. It is admirably engraved.—"Marcus Curtius," engraved by H. Le Keux, from a drawing by J. Martin. The minuteness and the multiplicity of the details in this exquisite little print are absolutely miraculous. It is necessary to use a glass of a strong magnifying power in order fully to appreciate them. They are, however, not allowed to interfere with the general effect, which is exceedingly grand.—"Cottage Kitchen," engraved by J. Romney, from a drawing by W. F. Witherington. A scene of rustic comfort and content, which, though very pleasingly depicted, is, we fear, not very common.—"Vicenza," engraved by Freebairn, from a drawing by S. Prout. The sparkling clearness of Mr. Prout's pencil has here been very happily imitated by Mr. Freebairn's graver. Besides the prints we have mentioned, there are "Ellen Strathallan," engraved by J. Agar, from a picture by Miss L. Sharpe; "The Blind Piper," engraved by H. C. Shenton, from a drawing by L. Clennell; "View on the Ganges," engraved (exquisitely) by E. Finden, from a drawing by W. Daniell, R.A.; "Alice," engraved by Joseph Goodyear, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; "Constancy," engraved by F. J. Portbury, from a picture by P. Stephanoff; "Fathime and Euphrosyne," engraved by S. Davenport, from a picture by H. Corbould; "Frolic in a Palace," engraved (very finely) by F. Engleheart, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; and "The Faithful Guardian," engraved by H. C. Shenton, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A.; all of which possess considerable merit.

Friendship's Offering.—It is really surprising to see the efforts that are making by the various proprietors and publishers of the little annual works, which have become so much the fashion during the last three or four years, to rival one another in excellence. The embellishments which are to decorate the next volume of "Friendship's Offering" are most of them admirable. "La Frescura," painted by T. Bone, engraved by W. Le Petit, is a rich and elegant composition. "Campbell Castle," painted by G. Arnald, A.R.A., engraved by E. Goodall, reminds us of one of the finest productions of Wilson and Woollett, seen through a diminishing glass. "Hours of Innocence," painted by E. Landseer, A.R.A., engraved by J. A. Wright. Full of animation and character. "The Rival Suitors," painted by J. Stephanoff, engraved by J. Romney. Female coquetry exquisitely displayed. In subjects of this description Mr. Stephanoff seems to luxuriate. "La Fiancée de Marques," painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A., engraved by William Humphrys. Graceful and attractive. "Glen-Lynden," designed and engraved by J. Martin. A solemn and magnificent effect of chiaroscuro. "Cupid and Psyche," painted by J. Wood, engraved by E. Finden. Beautifully composed. The repose of the god of love, and the surprise and delight of the enamoured Psyche, as she gazes on his youthful form, are perfect. "The Cove of Muscat," painted by W. F. Witherington, from a sketch by Lieut-col. Johnson, C.B., engraved by T. Jeavons. A highly picturesque representation of this celebrated Arabian port.—Besides the plates which we have thus briefly noticed, the volume contains an elegant "Presentation Plate," engraved by J. W. Cook, from a design by H. Corbould. "The Will," painted by W. Kidd, engraved by J. Mitchell; "The Warning," painted by A. Cooper, R.A., engraved by A. W. Warren; "The Parting," painted by B. R. Haydon, engraved by J. Romney; and "The Minstrel Boy," engraved by A. Duncan, from a painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

BIOGRAPHY.

R. P. BONINGTON.

IT is with great sorrow we have to record the death of this young but eminent artist, whose pictures have of late years attracted so much admiration, and who bid so fair to be one of the most distinguished ornaments which the native school of England ever produced. Richard Parkes Bonington was born on the 25th of October, 1801, at the village of Arnold, near Nottingham; where his father was engaged, we believe, in some of the manufacturing or mercantile pursuits general in that part of the country. At the early age of three years he discovered a very extraordinary attachment to the fine arts, which was principally evinced by

his sketching almost every object that presented itself to his observation. But he went even farther, and not unfrequently ventured upon designs; some specimens of which precocious efforts are still in the possession of his parents. They were chiefly drawn in pen-and-ink, with surprising accuracy, and illustrative of history, which, from the moment our infant artist was capable of thought, became his favourite study and research. We ought also to notice, that his sketches of marine subjects (in which he afterwards shone so conspicuously) were, beyond description, wonderful both for correctness and neatness. These productions completely confirmed his father's desire to take every opportunity of leading him to the arts as a profession; and he accordingly continued to direct his attention to the works of the best masters; but, above all, to Nature, the mother, nurse, and guide of true genius. Thus cherished, when Richard was not more than seven or eight years of age, he made some drawings from old buildings situated at Nottingham, which surpassed every thing he had before done; and about the same time he took a more decided turn for marine subjects, which bent of mind appears never afterwards to have forsaken him.

At the age of fifteen his parents journeyed to Paris, feeling assured that the facilities for study afforded by that capital were much more important than any which could elsewhere be attained. Upon his arrival there, application was made for permission to draw in the Louvre; and the gentlemen who conducted that department, astonished beyond measure at the examples of the young English painter's skill, instantly, and in the most flattering manner, granted the boon required. Here, again, we cannot render too much praise to his anxious father for the assiduity and judgment with which he cultivated his son's talents. He took infinite pains to point his attention to the best specimens of the Italian and Flemish schools; and it must be added, that his docile and enthusiastic pupil profited nobly by his invaluable advice. And while thus engaged he met with many encouraging circumstances to cheer him in his labours:—strangers, for instance, who, on visiting the Louvre, and being struck with his performances, purchased them at the prices demanded.

He very soon after became a student of the Institute, and also drew at M. Le Baron Gros's *atelier*. It was about this period, when not occupied at the Institute or at the baron's gallery, that he made many extraordinary drawings of coast scenery; particularly some representing fish-markets, with groups of figures, and for which he at all times found a ready sale. We should not omit to mention, that his study from the figure was exceedingly good; though, were it requisite to define his forte, we should certainly say, that amid all the diversity of his unbounded talents, marine pieces were at once his favourites and *chef-d'œuvres*. Yet we are almost unwilling to adhere to this opinion, when we recollect that one picture, of quite another class, which he exhibited this year at Somerset House;—we allude to his Henry the Third of France,* in which he admirably displayed his knowledge of colour and composition, and his great attention to costume. This picture, whether owing to its being unseen, for it was upon the floor, or to want of taste in the patrons and lovers of painting, is yet, we learn, in the possession of the artist's parents. We trust that his Majesty will be its immediate purchaser: it would be ill bestowed in any other hands. As a contrast to the foregoing, we may remark, that the first time he exhibited in Paris, his drawing was sold the moment the exhibition opened; and for the next (a marine subject) he received the gold medal, at the same time that Sir Thomas Lawrence was decorated with the order of the legion of honour, and Mr. Constable and Mr. Fielding were also liberally awarded medals of gold.

Subsequently to the period alluded to, Mr. Bonington undertook a tour to Italy, from which country he brought back some splendid specimens of his abilities;—his studies from nature literally breathing the atmosphere of the scenes so faithfully and beautifully represented. It was his intention, had his life been spared, to have painted a series of pictures similar to the Ducal Palace, exhibited this year at the British Gallery, Pall Mall!

It affords us a melancholy satisfaction to reflect, that from the first small work which Mr. Bonington exhibited in his native country to the very last, we have invariably felt and expressed the same admiration of his genius which is here embodied in a memoir over his premature grave. He was, indeed, a child of nature; and his acute and sensitive temperament too soon wore out the mortal mansion in which its exhausting operations were performed—as in the alembic of the chemist, which throws off the inestimable produce, but perishes itself in the devouring flame. His mode of preparing for a picture was, after making an elaborate sketch for the outline and detail, to study the *local* colour most accurately; and here he never forgot to catch the peculiarities of the various groups of figures that frequented the spot selected for his pencil. It is unnecessary to particularise his works, which have been from time to time seen in London exhibitions, and which are now in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Countess de Grey, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Carpenter,* the latter of whom has two of his greatest works of the Canaletti school. His disposition (we are assured by every one who knew him) was noble, generous, and benevolent in the extreme; and his filial affection was a remarkable trait in his character. His parents have, indeed, lost in him a son of sons: he was their only child, their pride in life, and their irreparable bereavement in death. His friends, too, have to lament one whom they warmly loved: and, in short, we never heard more sincere and heart-felt regrets expressed for any individual, than we have heard from all who claimed his intimacy or regard. The public and the lovers of the fine arts will join in this common grief; for except, perhaps, in Harlowe, there has been no such ornament of our native school cut off in early prime, and in the full effulgence of spreading fame. Overwhelmed with the number of commissions which poured in upon him in consequence of his rising reputation, he seems to have viewed the accumulation of employment with dismay: success was the proximate cause of his fatal malady. His nerves became deeply affected, and a rapid decline ensued,* which in four months prostrated his strength to the tomb. His latest effort was to travel from Paris to London, where he arrived last week, to consult Mr. St. John Long; but that gentleman declared him to be beyond all human aid; and he died at ten o'clock, on the 23d of September, Tuesday last. His closing hours were perfectly calm; and he was in full possession of his reason almost to the end. On Monday his remains are to be interred; and, as we have mentioned, the president and other members of the Royal Academy have proposed to pay a tribute of respect to his memory, by following his body to the grave.

* Respecting this picture, in our Exhibition criticism, *Literary Gazette*, No. 591, May 17, we thus expressed ourselves, complaining of the scandalously bad light in which it was hung:—"Why is the pain of stooping till one's back is nearly broken, to be inflicted as the price of the pleasure of looking at this able performance?—a performance which it would have done credit to the judgment of the Academy, had they placed it in the best situation the rooms afford. [In a note—"The mantel of the Great Room would have been the proper place for this picture."] Besides possessing a harmony of colouring which would be honourable to any school of art, the subject is treated in a most masterly manner. As a graphic illustration of the character and habits of the French monarch, it may be ranked with some of the well-described scenes by Sir Walter Scott in Quentin Durward, or any other of his historical novels." If you are to have fame, said Dr. Wolcot, speaking of Opie, "you must stay till you've been dead a hundred years." The Royal Academy are not quite so dilatory with regard to poor Bonington; for though they pushed his admirable work into an obscure corner, three months ago, they are now magnanimously pressing forward to give him, as far as they are concerned, a public funeral!!—Out upon such conduct!

* His last sketch, we believe, was done for Mr. Sharpe, and is to be engraved in the Anniversary: it consists of two female figures in a picturesque landscape.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(NO. II.)

It will appear from these slight sketches, drawn from statements of actual life, that there is no station, however high, which can escape the penalties incurred by a departure from the paths of rectitude and virtue. After having undertaken this task, however, we find it beset by greater difficulties than we were aware of; and shall not, we fear, be able to execute our original view. Instead of writing to hold up a beacon light to guide the erring and irresolute in the right road, we find ourselves likely to be mistaken as the apologists for vice and criminal indulgence. But if our readers will go along with us, and separate, as we do, facts from persons, we are satisfied we may, at least to a certain extent, fulfil our purpose in the true spirit in which it was conceived.

Where, we would say, is real happiness to be found, when we contemplate the position of the greatest subject in England, as it is laid open by these pamphlets? Is the highest place the place of ease, of enjoyment? Alas, no! it is only the more exposed, and the broader mark for trouble to assail. The Prime Minister of Britain — the conqueror and military hero, whose glory will go down to the latest posterity, is not exempt from the most painful annoyances and afflictions. As if the political sphere had not its superabundance of cares and sorrows—as if the almost defection of the very high party† with whom he has hitherto so cordially acted, were not enough of vexation,—we see here almost every thing that can distress an individual in more private circumstances of life brought to embitter the lot of this exalted personage. Lord Westmeath unhesitatingly imputes to him his domestic infelicity; and his own nephew complains loudly of his conduct towards him. Let the humbler orders in society rejoice:

> It is surely better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perked up in a glistering pride
> And wear a golden sorrow.

* This is stated to have been brought on by the too copious bleedings of the French physicians, to reduce the fever.

† See a Letter by the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Kenyon, just published, in which his Grace alludes to the Premier's not going fully to that extent thought vitally essential to the Protestant constitution by his friends and supporters.

It has been most ungallantly said, that "there never was a mischief without a woman in it;" and very irreverently added, "seldom any without a priest." In these cases it is very obvious that the proverb is, at least, sooth so far as the female part of the innuendo is concerned; and partially so, if we look at several reverend gentlemen's intermixture with the Wellesley trials: for example, Mr. Pitman and Mr. de Crespigny.

"In June 1819 (says Lord W.) my wife and I were living in London. She wished to leave me, and I wished her not. She had laid her plan, and employed every species of insulting and unworthy device to induce me to leave my house and abandon my children—*to make it appear as my act.* My own servants were taught to insult me; and (what must be quite amusing to those who now hear this for the first time) one of them is the person whom I sent a constable to turn out, rather than interfere myself to do so; yet this is the single, positive, and only authenticated act of *imputed* violence, which it is assumed made it unsafe for my wife to remain under her husband's protection."

To this ex-parte picture of connubial bliss, his Lordship goes on to add—

"The Duke of Wellington was next selected to use his diplomatic talents to induce me to quit my house. This effort failed; and his Grace having assumed a tone of dictation for which I did not think that place a proper field, I compelled him to take his leave. I was determined he should visit my wife no more in my house;—she left my roof the next day, and has ever since remained separated from me."

Though there may be some novelty in hearing of the first field our mighty captain was ever compelled to leave, this statement is only valuable as a lesson shewing the extreme peril of interfering between man and wife in matrimonial quarrels. His Grace's usual prudence seems to have forsaken him in this instance, and having forgotten or despised the thousand warnings on record against such a Quixotic action, he now experiences the invariable result, and learns that all the power in the world cannot save him from the fate of meddlers in delicate matters—so called, we believe, from being always extremely indelicate. As every thing to the jealous mind is proof as strong as holy writ, the noble Marquess is no sooner infected with the green-eyed monster than he sees in every motion of the illustrious Duke some corroboration of his suspicions. To a bystander, it might appear very natural that his Grace taking part with Lady Westmeath, considering her to be wronged or oppressed, should serve her friends and supporters in this struggle. Not so her lord—he denounces an appointment in the Ordnance to a discharged gardener* of his, the husband of the housekeeper ousted by the constable; and even the subsequent marriage of two ladies' maids, as decided evidence of the Duke of Wellington's improper interest in his family concerns. In the same way, a way that it is possible might distort the most innocent and benevolent deeds into the rankest offences (be it remembered that we are giving no opinions, but endeavouring to educe moral good out of moral evil)—In the same way the Marquess turns upon the Duke an offer of apparently great kindness. He says, "Did or did not [a bad manner, by the by, of putting a proposition] the Duke of Wellington personally tell me, immediately preceding Lady Westmeath's departure from my house, that if I would go abroad for two years, &c. &c. he would answer for it, all would be right, and that there would be no difficulty in procuring a diplomatic situation for me, to induce me to go?" It is not the first time that pretty wives have, both in prose and poetry, been blamed as the causes of their husbands' good fortunes; but we do not see why Lord W. should so strongly designate this as an insidious offer, "for rejecting which he is persecuted to death."

But for this paper we have enough of these imputations and assertions. There is *one* argument we would draw from *one* of their features:—Lord Westmeath is accused of behaving in a harsh, ungentlemanlike way to his lady—Captain Bligh of even the brutality of striking blows. Now, without inquiring whether the charges are true or imaginary, we will take it upon ourselves to say, that though a woman, out of respect to herself, ought not to be provoked to the worst means of revenge, there is nothing on earth so despicable in a man as the barbarity of using violence to a woman. It seems almost to absolve them from every contract entered into as civilised beings; and it is too much to expect propriety from human nature so outraged. And thus comes the melancholy oblivion of self in the desire for revenge; and of the fairest and best of created beings it may truly be said,

> In vain with tears her loss she may deplore—
> She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

* William Mackenzie, storekeeper at Feversham, and since transferred to Ireland.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE

Announces, with a loud voice, that it will open on Wednesday with "*Young Hamlet;*" *Hamlet*, Young, his first appearance there these five years. A Mr. Aitken, from Edinburgh, is the *Horatio;* and *Polonius* (as well as *Simpson and Co.*, the farce) brings forward a deserving favourite, at this house, Mr. Terry. We observe that the performances are to be continued nightly; for Thursday has the *Cure for the Heart-ache*, with Liston, Jones, E. Tree, and a strong comic cast: Friday has *John Bull*, with a *Dennis Brulgruddery* from Edinburgh, Mr. Weekes; and Saturday has *Rob Roy* and *Comfortable Lodgings*, with Mr. Harley. This will shew that the *corps dramatique* is powerful at Old Drury; but it will appear far *more stouter*, when we notice that W. Farren secedes from Covent Garden, that Braham is re-engaged, and that Mrs. Bunn returns. Mr. Cooper is the stage manager, Mr. T. Cooke the director and leader of the band.

COVENT GARDEN.

Of Covent Garden the announcement is also for the 1st; and it is stated that the dramatic corps has been strengthened by the addition of provincial performers of the greatest celebrity. The Grieves are getting forward some splendid scenery; and a magnificent Shakesperian new act drop-curtain has been painted by Roberts. The opening play is *As You Like It.* Thursday the *Barber of Seville.* C. Kemble, Kean, and Mde. Vestris, are named in the bill. Miss Kelly, Miss Goward, and Keeley, are to be remembered from last year. Mr. Green and Miss Forde from Bath, Mr. Bianchi Taylor, Miss Byfield, Miss Pindar, and other musical performers, are also announced. Mr. Fawcett is the stage manager.

VARIETIES.

Scrap of a Theatrical Conversation.—You may say what you like, but I am convinced that *the* Tree will, ere long, be acknowledged and extolled as a first-rate comic actress. Perhaps she may; but why do you call her *the* Tree? Only to distinguish her from *A.* or Anne.

Why is Miss F. H. Kelly's personification of Valerie inferior to that of Mdlle. Mars? Because one plays it with her eyes shut, and the other with her *eyes open.*

The last of the very bad.—Why is Major Smith, when he has two sheriff's-officers at his door like *some* tea-kettles? Because he's block't in.

Why is a short child like an unfinished story? Because it's not all.

When is a good joke the same as a bad one? When it's *a-miss.*

Why is the "Green-eyed Monster" at the Haymarket, like a thump in the mouth? Because it's a hit.

Roman Ruins near the Hague.—An English gentleman, who is travelling in Holland, in one of his recent letters says, "We have this morning been to visit the remains of an immense Roman building or buildings, which have been recently discovered near Voorburg. Innumerable vases of the most beautiful descriptions, Roman rings with inscriptions, ornaments and coins, some of which date before the birth of Christ, have been excavated; all which leads to the supposition, that some calamity, either occasioned by fire, inundation, or otherwise, has thrown down and destroyed the whole buildings. In one of the cellars a perfect skeleton has been found, which further strengthens the opinion: it is the most remarkable object that has yet been discovered. The right arm is placed on the heart, and the whole figure exhibits an attitude of the most perfect agony, as if death had been produced by the heavy pressure of a great weight of stones. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the excavation be a Roman village or one extensive building, destroyed by some accident. The grounds have been purchased by government, and upwards of one hundred men are constantly at work."

Fall of Houses.—Another accident, with loss of lives, has just occurred in Exeter-street, Strand, by the fall of some old houses. Surely, we again repeat, it is worth while to have some commission, as in Paris, at the head of our district surveyors, to prevent these shocking fatalities. We were much struck on beholding the ruins in Exeter-street; for we recollected, that it was in an adjoining house, of the same frail description, that the genius of Lough, our admirable sculptor, was developed, not much more than a year ago. It was in just another of these rotten tenements that he composed and constructed his colossal group of Milo, which reached from the floor to the ceiling of his poor apartment. It is almost wonderful that his labour did not, like a living Samson, pull all down together.

Poisoning.—Several experiments have lately been made in France on the use of ligatures and bleeding in cases of poisoned wounds. Proceeding upon the principle established by M. Majendie, who succeeded in entirely suspending absorption in a dog, by producing an artificial plethora, with the assistance of an abundant infusion of tepid water into the veins, the following experiment was tried. Three grains of the alcoholic extract of nux vomica having been put upon a wound made in the foot of a young dog, a ligature was placed above the humero-cubital articulation of the poisoned limb. As much water was slowly injected by the jugular vein as the

animal could bear without great suffering. A vein was then opened in the poisoned limb below the ligature, and several ounces of blood were drawn from it, and injected into the jugular vein of another dog, which died instantly in tetanic convulsions. The wound of the first-mentioned dog having been carefully cleansed, a little more blood was drawn from the animal, and it was set at liberty. It exhibited no signs of being poisoned, and eight days afterwards was perfectly well.

A young Russian nobleman is now at Merida, in Spain, making interesting discoveries in the ruins of the old Roman amphitheatre. He has already succeeded in obtaining some beautiful vases; and is about to transport from that place two statues of colossal dimensions, which have for the last fifty years been suffered to remain on the outside of the building in a mutilated condition.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We hear that a Pocket Cyclopædia is in preparation of great novelty and boldness of design. This work is announced to be composed of complete treatises on every branch of literature and science, freed from the difficulties of technical and mathematical language; so as to be at once a classical work, and an ample library for the polite and well-informed. The success of such an undertaking must depend on its execution; we are glad, therefore, to learn that many eminent persons in the literary and scientific world give their cordial support to this new project. It is understood that the publication of the Cabinet Cyclopædia will commence in January next, under the superintendence of Dr. Lardner.

Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, author of the Annals of that place, announces two volumes of Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, chiefly historical and legendary, and hitherto unpublished: collected from the recitations of very old people, and accompanied with Explanatory Notes.

Mr. Richards is preparing for the press a Popular Treatise on Nervous Disorders; with Observations on Physical Sympathy, and a Dissertation on the best Dietetic and Medicinal Remedies.

A periodical work is announced, entitled Eminent Women, their Lives and Characters. Designed for the improvement of Female Youth.

In the Press.—The Present State of Van Diemen's Land, its Agriculture, Capabilities, &c. By Henry Widdowson, late Agent to the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Establishment.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Last Days, by the Rev. E. Irving, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Jesus, the Messiah, by a Lady, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Ottley's First Principles of Arithmetic, 12mo. 2s. sheep.—Fry's Scripture Reader's Guide, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Tablet of French Pronunciation, 18mo. 3s. bds.—Trimmer's Second Footstep, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

September.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday .. 18	From	45.	to 65.	30.01	to	29.99
Friday 19	——	43.	— 68.	29.96	—	30.02
Saturday .. 20	——	42.	— 66.	30.10	—	30.12
Sunday 21	——	37.	— 67.	30.12	—	30.04
Monday.... 22	——	42.	— 64.	29.91	—	29.92
Tuesday .. 23	——	48.	— 67.	30.00	—	30.05
Wednesday 24	——	51.	— 68.	30.04	—	30.00

Wind variable, prevailing S.E. and S.W.

Generally clear; rather foggy on the morning of the 20th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Civis is thanked for his friendly letter.

We are sorry to be obliged to discourage R. W. T. of Brighton.

The complaint from Lymington, that a work published by Messrs. Whittaker in 1824, entitled The Topography of all the known Vineyards in France, &c. has been republished *verbatim*, under the new name of A Guide to Importers, &c., is, if well founded, which we have not time to determine, an extremely discreditable trick. We observed the latter work noticed in several Reviews without a comment on its spuriously succeeding the same work which had fallen into oblivion.

*** Since writing our notice of the King's College, we have seen the Paternoster Row pamphlet, which we find to be a satirical squib, with wood-cuts, published by Shiell, and consequently not of the character we had understood it to be.

The hawthorn blossoms in an *autumnal* eve is certainly a blunder in the Sonnet in our last No.: it escaped our notice; and even the Glastonbury thorn would only give us winter instead of the usual blossoming time of spring.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S NEW PICTURE of CHAIRING the MEMBERS, (Mock Election, King's Bench), WILL OPEN at the Great Room, Bazar, Old Bond Street, on Monday, October 6th.

Admittance, 1s.; Children, 6d.—Catalogue, 6d.

N.B. Straight forwards, upstairs.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON. The Medical Classes will Open on Wednesday, the 1st of October. The particulars have been already advertised, and may be seen at the Shops of the Medical Booksellers in London; and at Mr. Taylor's, 30, Upper Gower Street.

An Introductory Lecture to his course will be given by each Professor, as follows:—

Physiology, Surgery, and Clinical Surgery, by Charles Bell, Esq.; on Wednesday, the 1st of October.

Nature and Treatment of Diseases, by John Conolly, M.D.; on Thursday, the 2d.

Midwifery, and Diseases of Women and Children, by D. Davis, M.D. on Friday, the 3d.

Anatomy and Operative Surgery, by G. S. Pattison, Esq.; on Saturday, the 4th.

Materia Medica and Pharmacy, by Dr. A. T. Thompson; on Monday, the 6th.

And Clinical Medicine, by Thomas Watson, M. D.; on Tuesday, the 7th.

The Lecture each day will commence at Three o'Clock precisely.

There will be free admissions to these Introductory Lectures, but by Tickets only. Tickets will be delivered to Proprietors at the Office of the University, 29, Percy Street; others must apply to Mr. Taylor, the Bookseller of the University, 30, Upper Gower Street.

Classes for the following branches of education will be opened in November, of which a more detailed account will shortly be advertised:—The Latin, Greek, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, and Oriental Languages and Literature. The French Language, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Comparative Anatomy and Zoology, Jurisprudence and English Law.

Information respecting the system of education to be pursued at the University, with outlines of the courses, tables of fees, &c. will be found in the "Second Statement by the Council," to be had of Longman; Murray, Albemarle Street; and Taylor, 30, Upper Gower Street. Price 1s. 6d.

An abridgment of this Statement will be found in the chief periodical publications of June and July last.

The names of Students are entered at the University Chambers, 29, Percy Street, Bedford Square.

Letters requiring farther information, addressed to Mr. Thomas Coates, as above, post paid, will be attended to.

By order of the Council,
THOMAS COATES, Clerk.

University Chambers, September 15, 1828.

DR. COPLAND'S LECTURES on the NATURE and TREATMENT of DISEASES; embracing the Principles of Pathology, Morbid Anatomy, &c. These Lectures will be commenced on Thursday, the 2d October, at Ten o'Clock, A. M. at the Anatomical and Medical School, Little Dean Street, Dean Street, Soho Square, and will be illustrated by Practical Instructions on the Cases under Treatment at the Dispensary attached to the School, and at the Royal Infirmary for Children; and by coloured Drawings, Plates, &c.

Dr. Copland will also deliver a Course of Lectures on the Influence of Climate on Health and Disease; embracing, particularly, the Disorders of Warm Countries.

For particulars, apply to Dr. Copland, 1, Bulstrode Street, Cavendish Square.

MR. ALCOCK will commence his LECTURES on the PRINCIPLES and PRACTICE of SURGERY, at the School of Medicine, Little Dean Street, Dean Street, Soho Square, on Monday, October 6th, at Five o'Clock in the Afternoon.

Gentlemen established in Practice, desirous of renewing their Practical Attainments, may be assisted and superintended in Private Courses of Operative Surgery adapted to their particular pursuits.

Particulars on application to Mr. Alcock, 11, New Burlington Street, between the Hours of Ten and Twelve.

M'LEAN'S CARICATURES. New Caricatures, Political and Humorous, of a superior Description, publishing weekly by Thomas M'Lean, 26, Haymarket, London.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for October, price Half-a-crown, will contain—I. Supply of "Subjects" to the Schools of Anatomy—II. The Smugglers of Algesiras—III. Metropolitan Improvements, No. 3.—IV. Village Sketches, No. 11; the Show—V. Our Modern Pictures—VI. The Evening Star—VII. Dr. Granville's Travels to St. Petersburgh—VIII. The Court of Chancery, No. 3.—IX. The Theatres—Reviews of New Publications—Literary and Scientific Varieties—List of Works Published and in Preparation—Patents lately Granted, and lately Expired—Obituary of Distinguished Individuals—Monthly Agricultural and Commercial Reports, &c. &c.

Published by G. Whittaker, 13, Ave Maria Lane.

Of whom may also be had, embellished with a Portrait of

Baroness Grey de Rathven,

La Belle Assemblée, for October, which will also contain Four full-length Figures, appropriately coloured, of the Female Fashions. The Literary contents will consist of an Illustrative Memoir of the Portrait—Contemporary Poets, and Writers of Fiction, No. 25.—Lord Morpeth—The Longevity of Trees—The Bridal; a Sketch—Fairy Mythology, No. 7.—On the Masques of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Milton—Original Poetry—Notices of New Books—Fine Arts—Publications—Exhibitions, &c. &c. Price 3s.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. V. is this day published.

30, Soho Square, Sept. 27th.

MONSIEUR LOUIS FENWICK DE PORQUET'S STUDIES for the FRENCH and ITALIAN LANGUAGES.

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Traité signé entre Buonaparte et l'Empereur d'Autriche
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Le Pape et Buonaparte
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